THE

PALL MALL GAZETTE

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MURDER AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE have been many theories started about the Whitechapel murders, but so far no one has propounded as the most probable hypothesis the theory that they are the work of a Scientific Humanitarian. We may be in the presence of a Sociologist PASTEUR, capable of taking a scientific survey of the condition of society, and absolutely indifferent to the sufferings of the individual so long as he benefited the community at large. We have yet to witness the evolution of the scientific Sociological Jesuit. His advent, however, cannot be long delayed. We have been expecting him for some time. Who knows but he is already in our midst in Whitechapel?

Extravagant as this thesis may seem at first sight, let us consider for a moment the immensely strong case which such a Sociologist could make out for himself if once you can overcome the prejudice which men not quite emancipated from the theological stage have against taking life. Here in London lie certain foul slums, which the *Times* describes as "the kitchen middens of humanity," in which the human being putrefies, and where, as "S. G. O." tells us, "tens "of thousands of our fellow creatures are begotten and reared in "an atmosphere of godless brutality, a species of human sewage, "the very drainage of the vilest productions of ordinary "vice." Philanthropists have repeatedly, and in vain, called attention to their existence. "The bitter cry of outcast London" has fallen upon heedless ears. Prayer, entreaty, and warning all were in vain. The condition of these horrible death traps, into which hordes of our fellow-creatures are driven to be trampled out of all semblance of human existence, excited no interest. Day followed day, week passed after week, month after month, year after year, and still nothing was done. Last year those nearest to the grim Malebolgic pool of the Metropolitan Inferno raised their voices in Trafalgar-square and elsewhere, pleading plaintively for help. Sir CHARLES WARREN amid the enthusiastic applause of the well-to-do, rode them down with his cavalry, smashed their heads with his bludgeons, and restored "order" in the Square. Parliament was deaf; the Press, with but few exceptions, was callous; the public conscience seemed hardened as a nether millstone. If these cesspools of brutalized humanity were not to become a permanent source of poisonous miasma, it was necessary something should be done that would at once rouse public attention, create universal sensation, and compel even the most apathetic and self indulgent to admit the first postulate of the Socialist's faith, that the luxury and the wealth of the West must be employed to mitigate the squalor and crime of the East. The only question was what that means should be.

The scientific Sociologist in answering this question would ask himself by what means a maximum effect could be produced with a minimum of expenditure in money and in life. If he were familiar with BISMARCK'S great art of creating the "psychological moment," in which alone the decisive stroke can be delivered, he would not hesitate. There must be blood. That was indispensable. The warning must be printed in letters of gore. But mere bloodshed would not suffice. There must be more than murder. The public cannot be impressed by a mere commonplace killing. There must be mutilation. That is where the sensation comes in. We presuppose in our scientific Sociologist such a supreme devotion to the welfare of the community, that he cannot for a moment hesitate in sacrificing a few worthless lives in order to attain his end. Now, as in old time, he would argue, it is sometimes expedient that one should die for the sake of the multitude. Having arrived at this decision, he would naturally select as victims those whose lives were most worthless both to themselves and to the State, and whose habits in life afforded the most ghastly illustration of the vicious horrors of the criminals' lair. This is exactly what he seems to have done. The victims belong to the class which of all others suffers the most hideous and tragic fate in the human lot. None of them found life worth living. All were drunken, vicious, miserable wretches, whom it was almost a charity to relieve of the penalty of existence. He took them to the very centre of the plague spots to the existence of which he was desirous of turning the public attention. There he seems to have killed them with the merciful painlessness of science, so that suffering was reduced to a minimum, and death came as a welcome release from the insupportable miseries of existence. After killing his victim he mutilated her, well knowing that a knife's slit in a corpse makes more impression on the vulgar mind than the greatest cruelties, moral or even physical, inflicted on the living. Then he seems to have waited to see if his action would have the desired effect. Finding his first essay unsuccessful in achieving his object, he repeated it, and again repeated it. Not, however, until the fourth experiment did he succeed. The sluggish public is roused at last, and the *Times* and the *Morning Post* vie with each other in writing articles of almost unmitigated Socialism. "We cannot contemplate the life (says the *Times*) which these "unexampled horrors reveal without feeling a quickened "sense of responsibility for such features of it as human "effort rightly applied can either abate or remove. . . "We have to consider how far our social organization is "responsible for the preparation of the soil and atmosphere in which "such crimes are produced." "S. G. O." cries "At last!" and the Rev. S. A. BARNETT exclaims with a sigh, "Whitechapel "horrors will not be in vain if 'at last' the public conscience "awakes to consider the life which these horrors reveal." What then is more reasonable than to suppose that these horrors may have been produced in this scientific sensational way to awake the public conscience? If this should after all turn out to be the case, the defence of the scientific Sociologist at the Old Bailey will be a curiosity in the history of criminal trials! and may mark the beginning of the scientific era in socia development.

IN THE LAND OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

(FROM OUR TRAVELLING COMMISSIONER.)

YOKOHAMA, *July* 10.

I HAVE now seen a good deal of Japanese life, both public and private. I have visited every Government institution in the capital; I have met the leading merchants and the leading journalists; I have had the privilege of talking over Japanese affairs with nearly every foreign Minister and Japanese Minister of State; and I have had the great honour of being presented to the Mikado himself. Still, I start to write my "first impressions" of this wonderful country with much more diffidence than I should have felt a month ago, for I know now how difficult it is to get below the surface and below the conceptions of the foreign population. The Japan of to-day does not wear her heart upon her sleeve nearly so much as people think.

ON THE BOULEVARD AT YOKOHAMA.

Everybody's acquaintance with Japan begins at Yokohama, which is a pity. When one meets a strange man one desires to look at his face, not at his boots. Neither does a sane man begin his inspection of a mill by putting his finger between the mill-stones. Externally Yokohama is a pretty place. At night, when the big steamer swings slowly up to her anchorage in the harbour and announces herself to the sleeping inhabitants by great blasts of her fog-horn, to which a gun from the American man-of-war responds, as she brings the American mails, Yokohama is a double semi-circle of bright lights and their reflection dancing in the dark water. In the morning, when a hundred sampans crowd about the ship, each easily propelled by its naked occupant with one huge scull over the stern, and with the sunrise an enormous coal-barge comes alongside and a hundred nearly naked men and boys pass up the coal from hand to hand in what would seem at home bread-baskets, Yokohama is a long boulevard, called the "Bund," bounded at each end by a jetty or pier, called the "Hatoba," with a pleasant wooded hill to the left, known as the "Bluff," dotted with white houses. The harbour or bay itself is a circle of water perhaps three miles wide—big enough at any rate to be so rough in windy weather that the ships have to get up steam and go to sea for safety. It is crowded with shipping now—a dozen white English men-of-war, tiny cockle-shell gun-boats like the *Rattler*, fine powerful-looking protected cruisers like the *Leander*, and that awkward terrible monster, the *Impérieuse*; two old black American frigates with as much rigging as an Australian clipper, and the American flag ship, the *Monocacy*, a red and white paddle-wheel affair like a Long Island Sound ferry boat, so old and cranky that it would probably be unsafe to get up steam in her, and she will doubtless be broken up and sold piecemeal not a mile from where she lies; a stray Chilian corvette, with the air of a steam fishing-smack, and a Dutch gunboat—heaven knows what they are doing here; three or four big black liners belonging to the O. & O., the P. & O.,

the Messageries Maritimes, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japanese line to Shanghai; and hundreds of native junks and sampans, with their Viking-like lofty prows and stems and square pleated sails.

England in the East.

The British Empire so far seems to me co-extensive with the sea. Yokohama Bay is more English than the Mersey. On shore, private houses, the club, and the hotels, occupy the Bund and face the sea. They are all two-storey buildings with wide verandahs and large windows, and before each semi-public institution is a row of jinrikishas, the universal two-wheeled baby-carriage with shafts, in which you make any journey from a hundred yards to a hundred miles, drawn by one or more short cob-like coolies, dressed only in shirt and drawers of blue cotton, each with characters a foot wide on his back telling his name or association, and under whose brown skin the muscles stand in ropes and knots in altogether abnormal fashion. There is a silly travellers' tale that a man's life averages only five years after he becomes a jinrikisha runner. Of course a man with a weak spot in heart or lungs would soon succumb to such work, but there are plenty of jolly and healthy looking men in middle life calling out for your patronage. Many of them, however, suffer from varicose veins, and not a few have the hollow racking cough of the consumptive. The resident soon gets callous to this; the visitor generally gets rid of them with a few *sen* and engages a healthy man. Behind the Bund is the business part of the foreign settlement, a number of streets of solid brick and stone buildings, far more sober and quiet than any mercantile quarter at home. The bank buildings, for instance, have the outside look of a museum and the inside arrangements of a police-station. Sleek well-fed Chinamen, the go-betweens of the foreign merchant and the Japanese, stroll about in their grey cotton vests and blue silk trousers and always with a huge cheroot; endless bales of silk and tea are being handled to quaint "shanties"—the Japanese coolie is a firm believer that "verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound," and if he has only a hole to bore he bores it (and us) with a rhythm; business begins at ten and ends at five, and between twelve and one you might as well look for an elephant as for a merchant, for they are all at tiffin. The residences up on the Bluff are delightful, cool and breezy, with deep shady gardens and a long view over the bay. Everybody lives there who can afford it, and the public garden for tennis and afternoon tea could hardly be prettier or pleasanter.

A Caution to Curio Buyers.

Beyond the business part of Yokohama is the Japanese town. There are two or three streets of fine shops and massive fire-proof "godowns" (the Chinaman's pidgin English for warehouse, from constantly hearing the expression to "go down" to business), where silks and lacquer and bronzes and ivory are sold to globe-trotters at prices which bear a more causal relation to the pocket of the purchaser than to the price of production. But the rest of the Japanese town, with its 60,000 inhabitants, is apparently poor and certainly uncharacteristic, and I shall postpone any description for a better subject. Upon curio-buying, however, a word may be acceptable to intending visitors. I have prowled pretty much all over Yokohama and Tôkyô, sometimes alone, and sometimes under the guidance of a friendly expert, and I have finished by coming back for most of the things I wanted to Deakin Brothers, on the Bund. Unless you know exactly what you want, and can recognize it and its counterfeit when you see them, you are quite certain to buy rubbish at a high rate; and is one tourist in a thousand able to tell a lacquer *Kogo* by Korin from an incense-box just out of the Tôkyô work-shops, a bit of old *Kutani* porcelain from a forgery by Makuzu of Yokohama, or a bronze by Seimin from its doctored reproduction by Kyôtô experts? I doubt it. Deakin's best things, on the other hand, are bought for him by professional Japanese judges, and when he tells you that a certain thing is so-and-so, the chances are about even that it is. About curios, of course, there is no certainty except the certainty of great risk, and there are not more than half a dozen connoisseurs in the world who could give you a much better percentage of security than this. By a first-class Japanese curio-dealer, too, you are only shown one thing at a time, and a good deal of tea-drinking and sweetmeat-eating is sandwiched in between the lacquer and the *Lung-chuan-yao*, between the bronze and the brocade. Whereas at Deakins' you can spend hours at your leisure looking over much the most varied collection of curios, especially of the beautiful modern things, for sale in Japan, and the way-faring man, though a fool, cannot err much therein. If he charges you a little more—of course he would scout the idea—you are still the better off by several days' time spent in vain hunting, a good-sized jinrikisha bill, and a stomach-ache I have dwelt on this point because everybody who comes to Japan is seized instantly, and no wonder, with the buying mania, and it does not leave him till his hand reaches the bottom of his pocket or his foot presses the deck of a returning steamer.

A Few "First Impressions."

To come now to "first impressions," there are of course two kinds of these. There are the mere sense-impressions, the things which strike the eye and ear as strange; and there are the "first impressions" which mean the conclusions springing to mind when the externals are first understood. The former class of these "first impressions" generally attach themselves to very trivial matters, but they are often not the less entertaining for all that. The first thing, for instance, that I noticed in Japan was the enormous hats of the coolies, and next the ludicrous combinations of European and foreign dress worn by many young members of the middle class. A pot hat, a cotton wrapper or bath-gown—the *yukata*—a pair of long stockings and boots—that was a common mixture, the wearer evidently and rightly thinking that he had adopted the best points of both systems. An hour after landing, too, a remark made to me by an educated Japanese gentleman on the *Belgic*, recurred to me. I had asked him if the coming constitution for Japan was likely to include trial by jury. "After you have seen Japan," he replied with a smile, "you won't ask that question." I mean by this that I was struck with the fact that the common people of Japan, courteous and clever and civilized as they are in many ways—the hewers of wood and drawers of water and pullers of jinrikishas—are upon a different plane from the common people at home. One might say that they live in two dimensions, whereas trial by jury, not in its origin but in its significance to-day, is a three-dimension idea. Moreover, the rulers of Japan see that trial by jury is often a failure or a farce with us, and they have no wish to educate the people up to it.

Barbarism or Carnival?

In Japan there are almost as many religious festivals as in Spain, and one of these—*matsuri* is their generic name—was being celebrated the other day in the Japanese town. I went to look for it with my detective camera, and when I met it I could hardly believe my eyes—it corresponded more to one's idea of New Guinea than of Japan. Upon an ordinary bullock-cart a raised platform and scaffolding twenty feet high had been constructed, and, bullock and all, covered with paper decorations and green boughs and artificial flowers. In front a girl with a grotesque mask danced and postured, while half a dozen musicians twanged impossible instruments and kept up an incessant tattoo on drums. Children wild with delight crowded up among the performers and clung like flies all over the cart, and only that providence which takes care of them, together with drunkards and the United States of America, preserved them from making a Juggernaut of it. On foot around the *bashi*, as the whole structure is called, were twenty or thirty men, naked as to their legs, their faces chalked, with straw hats a yard wide, many-coloured tunics in which scarlet predominated, decked out with paper streamers and flowers enough to make a Sioux chief despair of himself, dancing along to a very rude chant, and at every step banging upon the ground a long iron bar fitted with loose rings. The colours, the song, the dance, the music and the clanging iron, formed together a spectacle as barbarous in taste as possible, something wholly different from what one had supposed the gentle culture of the Japanese to be. At the time I was greatly puzzled, but subsequently I learned that this *matsuri* is not so barbarous as it looks. I took it to be a serious religious ceremony; I found that it had just as much to do with religion as an Italian carnival has—that is, it was born of religious feeling and has entirely forgotten its ancestry. Buddhism, which is the religion of the common people, has always played to the gallery, so to speak, and the priests of to-day make money out of the *matsuri*—partly in the shape of the coins which are thrown into the temple ponds, and partly from their share of the subscriptions of the well-to-do people of the neighbourhood, by whom the festival is supported. The affair is thus a Japanese carnival, where people drink *saké* and play the fool themselves or watch others doing so, exactly as at Nice or Venice.

THE STORY OF THE SOCIETY OF THE GOLDEN CORD.

By Mark and Nora Loveall.

If it be true that imitation is the sincerest kind of flattery, the originators of the Golden Cord Society have every reason to be proud that an American clergyman, as was announced in these columns the other day, has given the society a place among the institutions of a country we have been led to regard as the paradise of children. "But what, after all," may be asked by many of our countrymen, "is this Golden Cord Society, of which we hear for the first time? How did it originate? And why is it worthy of special notice by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette?*" By the courtesy of the editor we rejoice to have the opportunity of answering these questions.

A little more than three years ago the proprietors of the *Christian Million* determined upon a new departure in the interests of their young readers. They felt that to secure that influence over young people which they desired, editorial impersonality must give place to distinct and familiar personality, and that some bond of union calculated to erect and maintain a high, though not too high, standard of feeling and conduct should be formed among the young people themselves. The unsolicited and unexpected invitation to give definiteness and shape to these ideas we count one of the highest honours of our life. The trouble involved in the practical working out of the scheme has been repaid a thousandfold by the wealth of child affection with which we have been dowered. Believing love to be at once the only key to unlock the young heart, and the mightiest inspiration towards all that is noble and good, we saw that our first aim must be to secure the whole-souled affection and the perfect trust of the young people. By inviting them to come into the loving relationship of nephews and nieces, and by pouring out in a weekly letter our own hearts without stint, and, where it seemed needful or advisable, in private letter as well, this was successfully accomplished. In thousands of letters which we have received the expressions of love and the touching unburdening of the heart could not have been more sincere if we had been their own parents; while the testimonies from parents, guardians, and teachers as to the improvement in the behaviour and character of their children have been as numerous as they have been gratifying and encouraging.

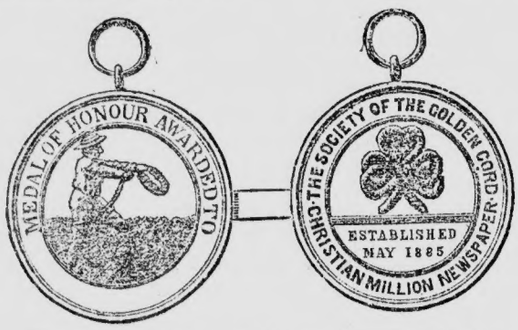
In securing this influence over the children nothing has been of so much service as

THE GOLDEN CORD SOCIETY,

which has subserved the double purpose of binding the members into a loving fellowship—we might say family—and of keeping them up to a high standard of feeling and conduct. The rules, through which it will be seen runs the idea of love in its various manifestations, are as follows:—1, To be loving and loveable; 2, to pity and help the poor and weak; 3, to be kind to dumb creatures; 4, to hate shams, meanness, and dishonesty; 5, to have a high aim in life. Of the kind of letters evoked by these rules we subjoin a specimen, which we give *verbatim et literatim*:—

I want to goin your golden cord society I have a little Brother and he has the wind in his chest my little sister grace is dead I am very sorry to say that I am norty sumtimes and I must try to be good I am 8 15 of october my sister Emmer as gone to yourmouth for several weeks and I hope she will come home all safe no arm broke no leg broke all safe not harm in your next letter you will tell me witch you like best spring summer artom an winter my dada says he must see my letter before I post it I have a little garden and I have in it two pattatoes and 2 pack of sunflowers Endian Pinks sweet Williams and that is all and Please send me a card thier is a Poor man comes round our street and he gets nothing and I have no money I would give it to him if I had some he has only got one Eye I would not like to have one Eye The boys mok ham They would not like to have one eye I feel as I could nock them down so that is all I say.

The badge of the society is a simple knot of gold cord worn as a coat decoration or brooch, but the wearing of the badge is not compulsory on the members. Since the society was founded there have been some interesting developments worthy of notice. First of all, the members have instituted a silver medal of honour to be awarded to any young person under twenty-one years of age who has displayed any signal gallantry or nobility in life. Eight of these medals have been awarded in less than two years, and three of the eight have been won by girls under sixteen years of age for saving life in the water. In three instances the medallists have saved a member of their own families, and in six instances the rescue was effected by a boy or a girl in the presence of strong men who stood by and did nothing. The purpose of the medal, which is paid for by members of the society themselves, is to encourage young people to "do good deeds, not dream them all day long."



To give direction to the philanthropic impulses which we purposely stimulated in our weekly letters we formed

A DEEDS-OF-KINDNESS BRIGADE.

Those who formally join this brigade pledge themselves to do some kindness systematically and personally to some poor, sick, or aged individuals in their own street, village, or town. We suggest reading to the aged and helping them in little household matters, collecting and carrying flowers to the sick, writing letters to young people who are confirmed invalids, or any form of practical personal kindness.

A TEMPERANCE BRIGADE

was formed in response to repeated and most earnest requests from the young and old members of the society. The members of this brigade, realizing how children suffer from the drinking habits of parents, and how intemperance destroys love and goodness of every kind, band themselves together to help in the overthrow of the national vice. With the strong rope of abstinence, they seek to entwine the golden cord of love, believing that tender sympathy and gracious sweetness of manner is necessary to success in this good work. The society can also boast

A NON-SMOKERS' BRIGADE,

the members of which believe that the habit of smoking is unnatural, expensive, selfish, dirty, and most prejudicial to the health, manners, pockets, and future of young men. In seeking to combat this evil their aim is not to become obnoxious to their fellow creatures by the assumption of superiority, but to live, speak, and act in the spirit of the first rule.

The society as a whole has so commended itself to adults as well as to children that its roll can boast of the names of people of nearly all ages, creeds and ranks. It has especially commended itself to clergymen, ministers, schoolmasters, Sunday-school superintendents, band of hope superintendents, and in fact all enthusiastic workers among young people. Local societies have been formed, and weekly or other meetings are held, when the rules of the society are explained and illustrated. Indeed, so widely, though so quietly, has the influence of the society spread, that we estimate that some 50,000 or 60,000 young people are weekly brought under its teaching.

This fact would seem abundantly to justify the proprietors of the *Christian Million* in yielding to the clamorous demands of the members of the society for a periodical of their own. With the new year a monthly periodical will be issued under the title of *Golden Cords*, in which the interests of the society will be fully represented. It is intended to make it essentially a young people's paper, and every encouragement will be given to them to be the principal writers and illustrators. In a word, the aim of *Golden Cords* will be to evoke all that is noblest in the feelings and all that is best in the capacities of its readers. We hope we may be forgiven for believing that there is a glorious future for the Society of the Golden Cord.

ART NOTES.

I hear that, after resisting all persuasions and blandishments of artists for many years, Mr. Parnell has at last succumbed to the representations of his friends. The artist entrusted with the work is Mr. H. J. Thaddeus—the young painter whose portraits of Mr. Gladstone and the Pope have lately attracted a good deal of attention. Mr. Thaddeus had best see that his sitter does not still withdraw from the "throne," as I am told he has done more than once before.

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Mr. Alfred Hunt, the vice-president of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, has for some time past been engaged on a large drawing of Windsor and its Castle. "I find it a very fine subject," he writes to a friend, "one which will last long as such; but it is a purgatory trying to shape it under the eyes of a curious public, which never leaves one alone for two minutes." Mr. Hunt's picture is being painted from an entirely novel point of view.

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It is curious to observe how highly the artistic faculty is often developed among members of the dramatic profession—in the same way, indeed, as great mimetic talent is constantly discovered among the artists. Thus Francis Holl, I am told (the father of the late Frank Holl, and an eminent line engraver), was a comic actor of great power. I now hear that Mr. Mansfield, who in his dual characters of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has advanced to the front rank of his profession, is the son of a distinguished musician—as the world would recognize, were he to withdraw his stage name and disclose his own, and that, when still a boy, he, along with some of his drawings, was submitted to the judgment of one of the most popular Academicians living. "The drawings were remarkably fine," said the Academician to me, the other day, "and I strongly recommended his becoming an artist." The advice was followed. Mr. Mansfield painted pictures and sold them to his friends till he hadn't a friend left; and then proceeded to win them back by turning his stage talent to account.

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I hear that the pre-eminent French sculptor M. Rodin, on seeing Mr. Alfred Gilbert's statue of the Queen in the last exhibition, accorded it even higher praise than was dealt out to it in these pages. The *Pall Mall Gazette* deliberately stated that it was the finest monumental figure produced in England during the present century. M. Rodin enthusiastically asserted it to be *the* finest thing of its kind of modern times.

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Mr. Fred Barnard, the humorous artist—"King Fred," as he is known in Bohemia—has just returned to England after a long sojourn in America.

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The exhibition of the Art and Crafts Society is to be opened at the New Gallery in Regent-street, on the first of October. As the object of the society is to bring the public and the manufacturer (or whatever other title the middleman may own) into contact with the artist, to the very great advantage of all parties concerned, it is to be hoped that the public will accord its hearty support. If so, the public will directly be the gainer.

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Mr. Henry Doyle's "Report of the National Gallery of Ireland for 1886," which has just been issued, testifies to the highly satisfactory manner in which the Director carries out the development of the collection under his charge. With a little over a thousand pounds he has purchased twenty-four pictures, including works by Fra Angelico, Berchem, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, James Ward, Vandyck, William Dobson, Teniers, Vasari, and Terburg, besides a number of doubtful ascription. There are included, moreover, a number of the finest drawings by the late Richard Doyle—the brother, as every one knows, of the Director. Out of the thirty-nine new students only four were men; and of the 75,000 visitors admitted free during the year 22,000 went to enjoy the pictures on Sundays. These figures are significant.

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Sir J. C. Robinson's letters to the *Times* on the subject of the stability of water-colours seem to be increasing instead of allaying the irritation his attacks have caused among artists. They do not appear to understand his sudden *volte face*. One of the most eminent—many would say *the* most eminent of our water-colour painters—writes to me as follows:—"Sir J. C. Robinson's first statement, to which he rigorously held for a time, was that 'all water-colours exposed to ordinary daylight in twenty or thirty years will become the mere ghosts of their former selves.' This statement, with which he frightened half the art-loving readers of the *Times*, was immediately demonstrated to be absolutely false, and that demonstration has been fully confirmed by the researches of Abney and Russell. Beaten on that ground, he now in his last letter gives to the world the discovery that paper is bleached with chlorine! This is simply farcical. Every tyro in water-colour has known the fact for years, and there is nothing that has exercised the water-colour painter since the earliest times so much as the quality of his paper. How the *Times* can insert such verbose nonsense is to me inexplicable. Moreover, a distinct point of offence is Sir J. C R.'s insinuation of ignorance in water-colour painters of the materials they use in their practice. I confidently and emphatically declare that there is no set of men who are more alive to or more anxious about their materials than they, or who have more knowledge, both by personal experience and by the traditional experience of their predecessors. It certainly does seem curious that after the official Report has shown Sir J. C. Robinson to have stultified himself in the matter of the colours, he should now attack the paper. This hardly looks like 'benevolent criticism.'"

M. H. S.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Dillon on his unconditional release. The state of his health and the possibility that he might succumb in prison seriously alarmed some of the more humane members of the Conservative party, and they brought pressure to bear upon Mr. Balfour. Hence Mr. Dillon's release. If Mr. Balfour feels balked of his natural prey, why not let him lock up some of the occupants of our front bench? If one or two whom we could name were set to serve out the unexpired term of Mr. Dillon's sentence it would do them good, and might even impart a halo of heroism to a singularly unheroic figure.

Mr. Dillon's presence in Ireland as a free man just now is a great advantage to the national cause. Mr. Davitt has spoken somewhat roughly about the perils of a situation which will naturally appeal more forcibly to Mr. Dillon than to any other Irish member. Mr. Dillon's authority in Ireland will be increased by his sufferings, and if he says that our leaders must speak out about the evictions they will have to do so, however unwilling they may be. Hence we welcome his release quite as much for the sake of our leaders as for his own. They can ill dispense with a faithful monitor of the character, standing, and authority of Mr. Dillon.

Count Kalnoky was closeted with Prince Bismarck yesterday at Friedrichsruhe, and it is to be hoped that he knows now that Austria must abstain in future from encouraging Bulgaria to violate the treaties on which repose the peace of Europe. The value of the Austro-German alliance from the point of view of European tranquillity is that it enables Germany to put a straitwaistcoat upon Austria. Count Kalnoky, we trust, has been told that, in the opinion of Germany Ferdinand must go. Before he goes he, it is said, intends to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria: but that does not matter. If the rumour be correct, and this proclamation was to be issued yesterday or is to be on the 22nd of October, it probably only means that after one of these dates the throne of Bulgaria will be vacant once more.

Austria of course is peaceful, but why is she making such preparations for war? There are several agents of the Austrian Government just now in the south of Russia buying up horses of the best breeds, for which they pay unusually high prices. The number of fine animals they have already purchased, and the full-handed way in which they pay for them—without much bargaining about the price—have aroused the attention of the Russian press and authorities. No prohibitory measures, however, have as yet been taken against them.

Punch has an admirable cartoon of a blindfolded policeman seeking in vain to arrest criminals who are dodging around his legs. This is unjust to the policeman. They are not blind so much as preoccupied with other things. They have been converted into gendarmerie and are becoming almost as military and as unpopular among the poorer people as the Royal Irish are in Ireland. And with cause. The *Daily Telegraph* lifts up its voice again this morning in denunciation of Mr. Matthews, and it does well. It is always good to denounce the incapable and perverse. But let us not forget that these people who are now denouncing Scotland-yard for its ineptitude are themselves largely responsible for its shortcomings. London is learning, as Ireland has learned, that you can never hope to detect crime, even of the foulest kind, when you have to rely upon a semi-military constabulary in antagonism with a large section of the population.

"One of the dissolved board" writes to us to complain that Mr. Page Hopps, in his article on the Ballinasloe guardians the other day, "did not give a very fair idea of the sort of business which was transacted by them before their guardians." Mr. Page Hopps summed up "the whole case," we see, by saying that "the properly elected guardians of Ballinasloe had ideas of their own about outdoor relief which were not in harmony with ideas at present in fashion at the Irish Office: so they were simply sent away and their places taken by salaried men sent by the Government." But our correspondent points out that the board had peculiar ideas about indoor behaviour as well as about outdoor relief, as the following head-lines to some lively columns in the *Freeman's Journal* certainly seem to show:—

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AT BALLINASLOE BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

A FREE FIGHT FOR THE CHAIR.

MEMBERS KNOCKED DOWN—THE POLICE CALLED IN.

THE BALLINASLOE GUARDIANS AGAIN.

ANOTHER LIVELY SCENE.

A FIGHT FOR THE MINUTE-BOOK.

Clearly the guardians of Ballinasloe, however "properly elected," were not "properly behaved." But then is our corsepondent prepared to take the full consequences of his argument that such behaviour made it "necessary to get rid of them"? What popularly elected board would then be safe, and should we not have to begin with the House of Commons?

The stories that are now coming in from the Congo about the events leading up to Major Barttelot's assassination are not pleasant reading. But the rumours, if painful, are persistent—too persistent, we fear, to be ignored. It is perfectly clear that Major Barttelot had made enemies, and that the friction between him and his followers was so great that his assassination was talked of on the Congo as only a matter of time. "Rough treatment" is, of course, a necessity in such expeditions; but what the *Standard's* correspondent alleges to day is that cruelty was carried to the point at which it becomes bad policy. One deserter was subjected, we read in the *Standard*, to 300 lashes, "under which he succumbed after a few days' dreadful agony." Add to this that the men are said to have been nearly starved, and one need not wonder that "more than one threat was uttered by the soldiers that, when they got their commander on the march, they would shoot him." The whole column in the *Standard* is painful reading; but it is well that we should be made to see sometimes the fierce passions and cruel sufferings on which "philanthropic" or "scientific" expeditions in Africa are too often based.

"Let men of high character," says the *Standard* this morning, in a useful article on the coming elections for the London Council, "of public reputation, of distinguished ability, come forward, and they will not want for support." Perhaps not; but how are the men we want to be made to come forward, and who are they? Who are "the great merchants, the rich manufacturers, the business men who have organized vast trading enterprises which extend throughout the world, the distinguished lawyers, the engineers, the scholars, the statesmen, and the real leaders of the working men," who are wanted to serve on the Governing Body of the greatest city in the world? It might induce some of them to come forward if they were to be publicly named in advance.

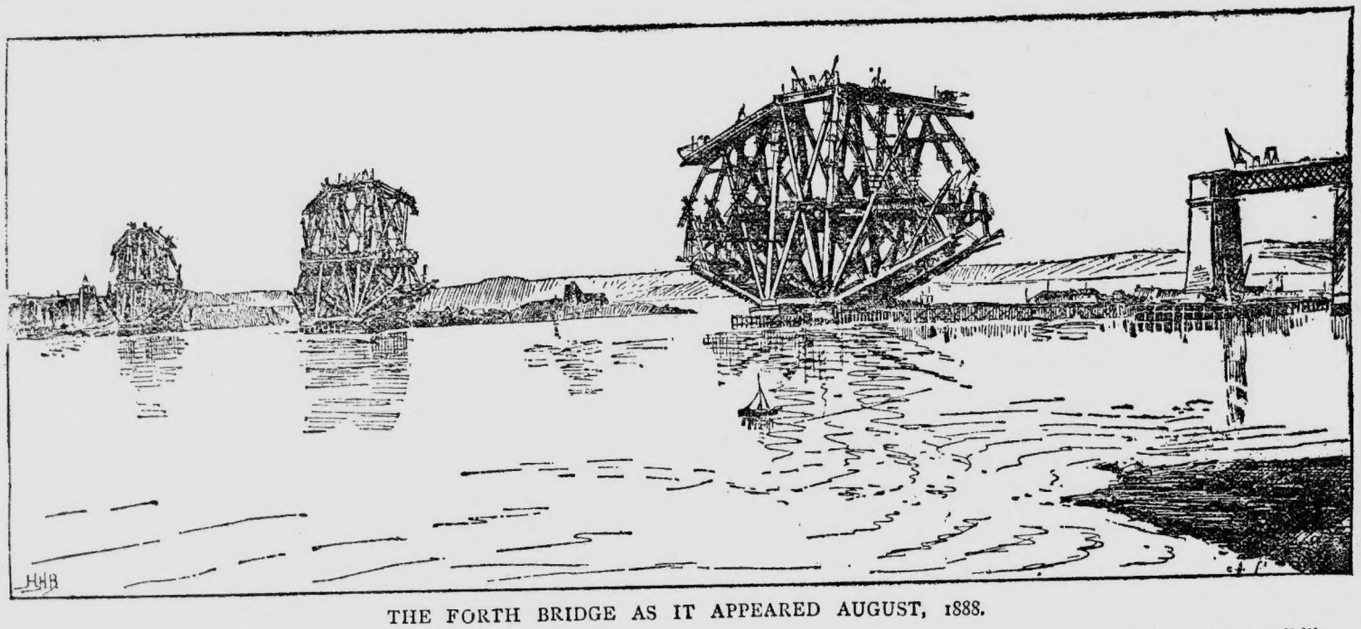
"The company would do everything reasonable," said the chairman of the North Metropolitan Tramways Company in answer to a deputation yesterday about penny fares, "to accommodate the working classes." But he added, "they must look upon the Company as a commercial undertaking." That is so, but it may be usefully remembered that the two points of view are by no means inconsistent. It is not long before the tramway leases will be falling in; and the question of their renewal will now come before a really representative body, in which the working classes will potentially at any rate exercise the governing voice. Under which circumstances the terms given to the tramway companies will not improbably depend on the degree in which "a commercial undertaking" has been made "to accommodate the working classes."

Dr. Schulze, of Vienna, has been advising the citizens of that beer-drinking community to drink their beer out of mugs and not out of glasses. The glass may be more agreeable to the eye, he says, but the mug is the more healthy and pleasanter to the palate. If a glass full of beer is left standing in the open air, or set in the window under the direct rays of the sun, in four or five minutes the beer will contract an unpleasant smell and taste; whereas beer left in a mug with a cover remains undeteriorated, even though the mug should be exposed to the sun. Direct sunlight will spoil the best beer in a very short time; and similar injury to taste and smell is effected, though in a less degree, by gaslight or lamp-light. Possibly the teetotallers may find their account in making use of Dr. Schulze's confession that "the sun is the mortal enemy of beer." The Germans are fond of inscriptions upon their covered beer-mugs, and the doctor gives them the following as an appropriate motto: "Wider Licht und Wärme."

When the Session opens Old Morality and the Grand Old Man will join hands in defence of the Treasury Minute on Perpetual Pensions against the irreverent assaults of the junior member for Northampton. Mr. Gladstone has small sympathy with that aspect of the new Radicalism which shows itself in attacks on the venerable pillars of the Constitution; and the same spirit which makes him a High Churchman in religion makes him a High Tory where the survivals of a more "loyal" age are concerned, such as hereditary pensions of Grand Falconers and the like. Mr. Goschen, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is said not to turn an altogether unfavourable eye on the discontented economist of Northampton.

BRIDGING THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

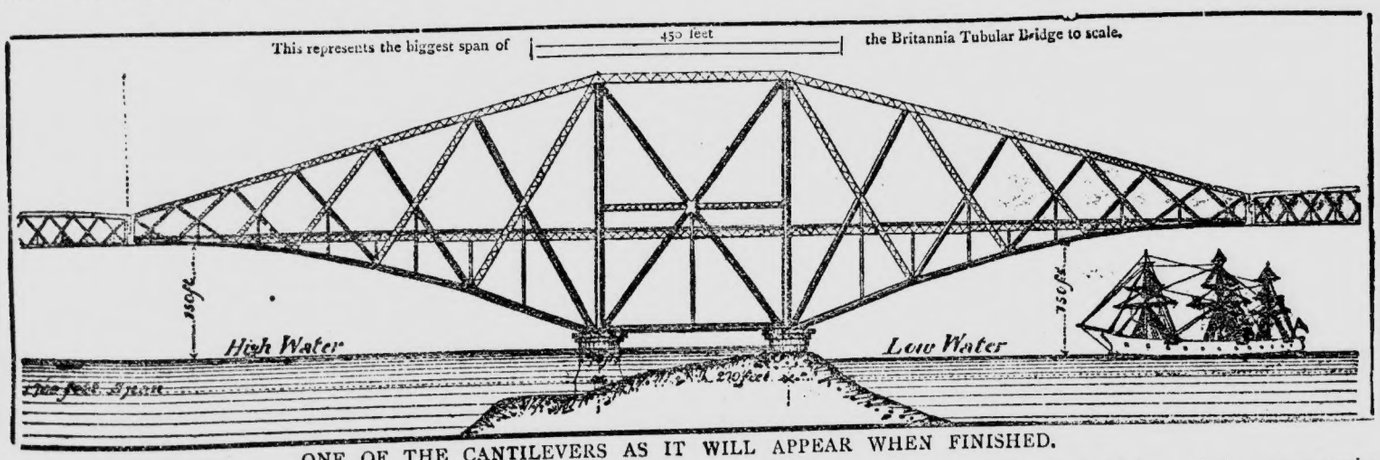
THE accompanying illustrations are from photographs which show the progress made in the erection of the Forth Bridge down to a very recent date. From them our readers may see how the cantilevers are stretching out their giant arms, so that already with a slight effort of imagination the observer who is acquainted with the general design of the bridge can complete for himself a picture of it as it will appear about the end of next year, when it is hoped that it will be finished. That he may realize in some measure the scale on which it is built let him bear in mind that each of the great columns of which its main framework is constructed is a tube composed of steel plates, and that these tubes are twelve feet in diameter, large enough, that is, to contain and allow to pass through them a locomotive and train of carriages such as we are familiar with on the Metropolitan Railway. It has been calculated, moreover, that in order to fasten together the steel plates required for these columns and other parts of the bridge, no less than 22,000,000 of red-hot rivets will be needed.



THE FORTH BRIDGE AS IT APPEARED AUGUST, 1888.

"I should not have thought it necessary," says Mr. Baker, who, with Sir John Fowler, engineers the undertaking, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, "to preface my remarks by the statement that the Forth Bridge has nothing to do with the Tay Bridge, had not my four years' experience informed me that about one-half of my countrymen labour under that hallucination. Even at this date I fully expect every second Britisher (Americans and foreigners are better informed) to say, 'How are you getting on with the Tay Bridge?' I suggest 'Forth Bridge,' and the correction is accepted as a refinement of accuracy on my part. As a matter of fact, however, the Tay Bridge, which was blown down in 1879, and has since been rebuilt, is at Dundee, while the Forth Bridge is near Edinburgh, and as regards type of construction there is nothing in common between the two." Indeed, there ought to be no mistake about the locality; in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's story "Kidnapped," the hero is kidnapped at the very spot where the bridge crosses the estuary. "The Firth of Forth," says the novelist, "narrows at this point, which makes a convenient ferry going north, and turns the upper reach into a land-locked haven for all manner of ships. Right in the midst of the narrow lies an island with some ruins; on the south shore they have built a pier for the service of the ferry, and at the end of the pier on the other side of the road and backed against a pretty garden of holly trees and hawthorns I could see the building which they call the Hawes Inn." The middle pier of the great bridge now rests on the island referred to, Inch Garvie by name, "and the Hawes Inn," says Mr. Baker, "flourishes only too well, for being in the middle of the works, its attractions prove irresistible to a large proportion of the 3,500 workmen." The accident ward adjoins the pretty garden with hawthorns, and many dead and injured men have been carried there who would have escaped had it not been for the whisky of the Hawes Inn. This is how Mr. Baker conveys an impression of the exceptional size of the bridge: "If we could transport one of the tubes of the great Britannia Bridge from the Menai Straits to the Forth we should find it would span little more than one quarter of the space to be spanned by each of the great Forth Bridge girders. And yet it was of this Britannia Bridge that Stephenson, its engineer, thirty years ago, said: 'Often at night, I would lie tossing about seeking sleep in vain. The tubes filled my head. I went to bed with them and got up with them. In the grey of the morning when I looked across Gloucester-square it seemed an immense distance across to the houses on the opposite side. It was nearly the same length as the span of my tubular bridge.' Our spans, as I have said, are each nearly four times as great as Stephenson's. To get an idea of their magnitude, stand in Piccadilly and look towards Buckingham Palace, and then consider that we have to span the entire distance across the Green Park with a complicated steel structure weighing fifteen thousand tons, and to erect the same without the possibility of any intermediate pier or support. Consider also that our rail level will be as high above the sea as the top of the dome of the Albert Hall is above street level, and that the structure of our bridge will soar two hundred feet yet above that rail level, or as high as the top of St. Paul's."

Mr. Baker's lecture goes on to describe very graphically the construction and peculiarities of the bridge; and those who wish to know more about it cannot do better than refer to *Engineering*, July 29, 1887, for the full text and admirable illustrations. In the same paper of August 31 of the present year is found a further communication by Mr. F. E. Cooper, the resident engineer, which carries the history of the work down to the present time. One of the most curious circumstances in connection with great mechanical undertakings is the certainty that invention will frequently be called in to supplement the efforts of known contrivances. It is said the Mont Cenis Tunnel could never have been completed had it not been for improvements in boring apparatus made while the work was in progress. In the same way Mr. Arrol, the practical mechanic of the Forth Bridge and the representative of the contractors entrusted with the work, greatly facilitated the digging of the foundations of the piers by inventing hydraulic spades for working below high-water mark, and latterly, as explained by Mr. Cooper, he has greatly simplified and facilitated the process of riveting, especially by designing and constructing "small reverberatory furnaces for heating the rivets by the blast-furnace residual oil, delivered in a fine spray by air at about 20-lb. pressure through a disintegrator of special design." The apparatus is more economical than hand fires, and its advantage when applied over the immense area of the bridge, from its cleanliness, its lightness, and from reducing the danger from fire, is incalculable. Why cannot the builders of iron ships substitute hydraulic riveting for the costly manual labour of hammering, as at present practised? It looks as though some inventive Mr. Arrol was wanted on the banks of the Clyde.



ONE OF THE CANTILEVERS AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

ENGLISH TRADE-MARKS AND OUR COLONIES.

An article such as that quoted in the *Board of Trade Journal* for this month from an Austrian publication shows the importance to the English manufacturer of an early application of the English Merchandise Marks Act to India and our Colonies. "Austro-Hungarian trade" (says this authority) "is now threatened by the proposed application of the Merchandise Marks Act to British Colonies, and especially to British India, whither Austro-Hungary annually exports goods exceeding the value of 50,000,000 florins, some of which have English superscriptions, other fictitious English names of firms, simply because they are so ordered. Any hasty application of this law to British India would jeopardize our trade interests to an enormous extent; for not only do we import into that colony, but we also carry on a considerable export trade from it; besides, we have goods to the value of hundreds of thousands of gulden lying at the Custom-houses there which would be in daily danger of seizure, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands worth of goods which are on their way and doomed to meet a similar fate, since it would be impossible to send back goods made to a certain specified pattern and consigned to a specified place in case of any sudden application of this law to the country, so as to alter them in accordance with the law." Possibly it may be very serious to the Austro-Hungarian manufacturers to have their trade thus threatened, but it is of equally vital moment to English manufacturers to have a stop put to this dishonest trade. As with Austria, so with Germany. The establishment of a new steamship line to run between Hamburg and Australia has in view the conveying of German goods direct to Australia instead of through England in order to avoid the operation of the Merchandise Marks Act. The adoption of the Act by India and the Colonies is therefore the only means of preventing this fraud upon the English manufacturer.

THE PROPOSED GREAT WESTERN SHIP CANAL.

We published an account on Monday of Mr. Owen's scheme for connecting the English and Bristol Channels by a canal. We then gave the totals of the estimated cost of the works and the revenue which would be derived from the carriage of coals, but withheld the details of the estimate. We now give these, with the remark that they are Mr. Owen's calculations, and that we have in no way verified them. First, as to the capital expenditure:—

Canal works, sixty-two miles at £30,000 a mile, including land and compensation		£1,860,000
Less purchase of local navigation, namely:—		
Bridgewater and Taunton Canal	£74,057	
Grand Western Canal	30,636	
		104,696
		£1,755,304
Purchase of Exeter Canal and Basin		150,000
Harbour and Dock Works at Stolford and Langstone Point		800,000
Floating Docks at Combwitch, Bridgewater, and Taunton		60,000
Extension of Floating Dock at Exeter		20,000
Cost of works, &c.		£2,785,304
Expenses of obtaining Act, say 5 per cent. on this cost		139,265
Engineering, Surveying, and Law (preliminary expenses) at £150 per mile		9,300
		2,933,869
Contingencies, 5 per cent.		146,693
Total		£3,080,562

Taking only the receipts from coal conveyed through the canal, the following is the result shown:—

	Tons.	
English Counties and Channel Islands	3,360,733	
Metropolitan area	1,886,805	
France	1,500,000	
Total	6,747,538	
At a farthing per ton per mile (average railway charge .45*d.* to .55*d.*)		£435,778
Less working expenses and ordinary maintenance at £1,000 per mile, or 14¼ per cent. (railways average 50 to 55 per cent.)		62,000
Leaving		£373,778

Or over 12 per cent. per annum on the outlay of £3,080,562 from coal alone.

"THE CRIMINAL LAW IN ENGLAND AND IN IRELAND."

Under the suggestive title, "The Criminal Law in England and in Ireland: a Contrast" (London: The Irish Press Agency, 25, St. Margaret's Offices, Victoria-street, S.W.), Mr. J. G. Swift Macneill, M.P., has published a little pamphlet which should be read alike by all Home Rulers and Unionists. The methods of selecting juries and appointing judges in the two countries, the infamous Whiteboy Acts, and some pointed remarks on the practical working of the Coercion Act, form the basis of a crushing indictment of the "justice's justice" administered in Ireland, where, says Mr. Macneill, equal laws with England were only enjoyed for ten years in the interval between the passing of the Act of Union in 1800 and the first Reform Act of 1832. "From 1832 till the present time the constitutional rights of Englishmen have been extended to Irishmen for a period of two years only." A noteworthy appendix gives the names of fifty-eight resident magistrates before whom 484 coercion cases, affecting 1,488 persons, and resulting in 1,205 convictions, were tried from August 17th, 1887, to March 16th, 1888. It is a significant fact that nearly one-fourth of the magistrates named prior to their appointment received no better or more satisfactory training for their shameful work than that furnished by the duties of a constabulary officer, while the remainder were chiefly barristers or officers in the army.

At Home and Abroad.

Count Kalnoky, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, arrived at Friedrichsruh, and was met at the railway station by Prince Bismarck, with whom he drove to the Prince's country house.

Undabuko has surrendered at Mona Camp, and is now in the custody of the civil authorities at N'Konjeni.

The proceedings before the Parliamentary Commission in London attract great attention in America, and full special reports fill all the newspapers.

President Cleveland's friends say that he will veto the Chinese Exclusion Bill, which has been presented to him for his consideration.

The Bulgarian residents in Constantinople, together with the representatives of the Bulgarian population of Macedonia, have addressed to the Grand Vizier a petition insisting upon the execution of the reforms in Macedonia guaranteed by the Treaty of Berlin.

The *Bulgarie* newspaper, referring to the Macedonian claims, remarks that it should be understood in Europe that Bulgaria will not raise this question, which will arise of itself—a natural result of the situation, constantly growing more intolerable, that has existed for the past ten years in Macedonia.

Princess Clémentine of Coburg intends to spend the winter in Bulgaria. She will go with Prince Ferdinand for a stay of some weeks at the convent of Dimitrie, near Varna. The Prince is having a summer residence built near that place, at Sandrovo.

King Milan's divorce suit has been set down for trial on November 22. The new citation has been served on Queen Nathalie by the Servian Minister at Bucharest.

The wound which M. Natchevitch received from the revolver shot fired at him on Sunday was not a deep one. The Minister was well enough to greet Prince Ferdinand on his Highness's arrival at Rustchuk.

The Italian squadron will leave Athens to-morrow.

The remains of the late Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, have been temporarily interred in the Greenwood Cemetery, New York.

General Salomon, the deposed President of Hayti, who is residing in Paris, underwent the operation of cystotomy yesterday. Although the operation was successful, the General's condition is critical.

A contradiction was published in Paris last night of the statement made in some Italian newspapers that Italy had lodged a diplomatic complaint with reference to the collision of the packets *Sud-America* and *La France*.

The citizens of New Orleans protest strongly against the report that yellow fever exists there. The Texas health officials, being convinced that a mistake has been made, have raised the quarantine.

The Rev. Henry Roe, rector of Poyntington, Sherborne, has been offered by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and has accepted, the rectory of Yeovilton.

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday the grand jury ignored the bil against William Barber, charged with the wilful murder of Annie French, at Walthamstow.

The sixty-first annual meeting of German scientists and surgeons—an institution corresponding in some degree to the British Association—met yesterday at Cologne. About 1,506 members are expected to attend.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland has been appointed to the command of the new Forth Volunteer Infantry Brigade in the scheme of Mobilization for Home Defence. The brigade consists of about 9,200 volunteers in twelve battalions.

It is believed that the vessel which ran into and nearly sunk the Newcastle steamer *Anglo-Indian* in the Channel was the steamship *Ondine*, which was bound from Amsterdam for Bordeaux. Her bows were so badly damaged and stove in that she put back to Ymuiden.

According to advices received from the Spanish Legation at Tangiers, the Sultan of Morocco will carry out his intended tour in the northern provinces of the Empire, visiting Tangiers early in October. His health is still unsatisfactory, any fatigue bringing on attacks of fever as last year.

Pourparlers are said to have been opened with MM. Bleichroeder at Berlin, in order to raise the capital necessary for the construction of the Siberian Railway. The Berlin banking house seems disposed to furnish about one hundred million roubles for that purpose.

An official at Krupp's ironworks at Essen, who has been employed there for twenty-five years, has been arrested for having offered to Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company, at Newcastle, drawings of all the cannon and bullets manufactured at Essen.

Telegrams from Malaga state that General Boulanger, with his wife and daughter, and a French officer who is engaged to the latter, spent two days at Malaga on their way to Granada, Barcelona, and Madrid. The General, it is alleged, is travelling under the name of De Bounneville.

The failure of the Vienna banking firm of Albert Reiss is announced, with liabilities of £120,000, more than half of which is due to the Länderbank. The assets are estimated to be worth £100,000. As the firm of Albert Reiss was reputed to be thoroughly solvent, its failure has produced great uneasiness on the Vienna Bourse.

The *Moscow Gazette* informs its readers that it was lately positively decided by the Government at Sophia to declare the complete independence of Bulgaria on the 6th of the present, or on the 10th of next month (O.S.) Preparations, it is said, are being everywhere made in the principality to secure the support of all the troops. No other paper has noticed the rumour.

The journal *La France* states that in view of the inadequate harvest the Government will probably avail itself of the powers conferred upon it by the law of 1887 to suspend by decree the collection of the import duty of 5 francs per 100 kilos on cereals. The Council of Ministers will discuss this question on Thursday next.

Three mills of Messrs. Musgrave and Sons (Limited), Atlas Mills, Bolton, have been closed through a strike of strippers and grinders as to the payment for the weighing cotton, involving a total in wages of 12*s.* per week. Over 1,000 workpeople have been thrown idle, and more will have to follow if the dispute does not end.

An elderly gentleman, upon whom was found a card stating that he was Mr. Wood, Danish Consul at Lagos, was found last night in a first-class compartment at Bangor railway station in a state of insensibility. The police can ascertain nothing that would tend to clear up the mystery. When found he had very little money in his possession.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.—*Sunday Times* says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system." Book (116 pages) with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure obesity (average reduction in first week is 3 lb.), post free eight stamps.—F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

MORE UGLY STORIES FROM THE CONGO.

ALLEGED CRUELTIES BY STANLEY'S FOLLOWERS.

THE "STANDARD" AND MAJOR BARTTELOT.

The ugly rumours which, as we stated yesterday, have reached us from the Congo, are confirmed this morning by a long letter which the *Standard* publishes from "An Official of the Congo State." The whole letter is of painful interest. We give here the passages which throw most light on the events which led up to Major Barttelot's assassination :—

"ALL WELL" WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING WELL.

As everybody knows now, the camp at the Aruwhimi is broken up and Major Barttelot, with Messrs. Jameson and Bonny, have gone on in Stanley's track. Troup was ill, so could not proceed, and has since come down the Congo, in fact, he only left here, after a rest of a couple of days, this morning. Both he and another man, named Farran, an interpreter to the expedition, give pitiable accounts of the condition of the men at the Aruwhimi camp. I was rather amused to read, in the telegram that Ward sent home, and which was published in London on May 4, the words "All well." How the Major can reconcile that statement with the facts I don't know; because, of the two hundred and twenty men (about) that he commanded at the Yambuya camp a year ago, less than one hundred were there to answer to their names when the tents were struck, and the order given to follow Stanley, on the 10th of June, 1888. The rest had either died or were too ill to be of any service.

MORE THAN A HUNDRED GRAVES.

More than one hundred graves had been dug, and the great majority who went on with Barttelot were too weak and emaciated to combat with the difficulties before them. Of the sixty Soudanese soldiers Stanley engaged at Cairo, only twenty-seven were left on the 10th of June, and four of these were in a dying condition. No food but the native manioc, a deadly swamp all round the camp, and harsh treatment—worse, perhaps, to bear of all—had wrought this havoc among the men. Great complaints are made against Barttelot in many ways. He used no means to save his men from starvation, which, it is alleged, he could, and ought to have done. He totally disregarded Stanley's very last instructions (which I myself saw in the London papers), that he was to consult the other officers of the expedition on all matters concerning its welfare; and, until April last, he made no effort whatever to hurry up Tippoo Tib, with his promised reinforcements.

CRUELTY, ILL-WILL, AND MUTINY.

His rough treatment of the men, in spite of their sufferings, is considered by Troup and others, to be the worst policy he could have pursued, more than one threat having been uttered by the soldiers that, when they got their commander on the march, they would shoot him. One poor fellow, said to be a deserter, the Major ordered to be shot, but afterwards changed the order to three hundred lashes, under which he succumbed after a few days' dreadful agony. And yet the man's story, like enough to be true, was that he was only in a neighbouring town trying to buy food to keep body and soul together. That the Major is thoroughly hated by his men is undeniable; nor will his officers say a good word for him. During the last two months of their camp, one of them had not exchanged one word with the Major.

STANLEY'S CHANCES—AND THEIR COST.

Of Stanley himself, and his fate, opinions on this side of the Continent vary considerably. But by the time this reaches you, I have no doubt some news will have come from, or of him. Barttelot believes him to have perished; but Troup has too much faith in the man's resources and his indomitable will, his pluck, and his luck, to think otherwise than that he is safe enough. At the camp three or four lots of deserters from him came in at various times, and though it will not do to accept the statements of such men as wholly correct, yet they all agree in their tales of the immense difficulties in the way—of continual fighting, of many swamps, and almost impenetrable forests, where every step of the way had to be made with axes and hatchets, and men were dying every day. They also said that Stanley was wounded in the thigh by an arrow, but not seriously. How far the true facts, as known here, of the fearful waste of human life at the Aruwhimi have been published at home, I do not know, but in Comité they have been hushing them up as much as possible, and, unless any outsider has sent authentic reports to the London press, the chances are the public are pretty much in the dark about it.

THE "CLEVER ROGUE," TIPPOO.

Tippoo Tib is master of the situation, and he will stick at nothing, so long as he can obtain ivory and slaves and carry on his iniquitous trade. In my opinion, Tippoo is the cleverest rogue, as he is undoubtedly the greatest potentate, in all Africa, and the one man, above all others, who will make good government impossible. Here is a case in point which occurred last March :—Salim Mahomed, one of Tippoo's vile emissaries, comes with an armed lot of these mongrel Arabs (for they are a very mixed lot now, though called Arabs), to Wajwa, a town near the Aruwhimi, and wants to trade with its chief. He refuses, and, being a big man Salim is not strong enough to fight him. But there is plenty of ivory there, and, Salim, to get round the Chief, offers to go and fight any smaller Chief this one may have a grudge against, if he will trade afterwards. So they agree upon that, Salim marches off to an inland village, and fires his guns round it, frightening the people out of it. Some of the men, as they run into the bush, are ruthlessly shot, but the women and youngsters are secured, to the number of seventy, and sixty tusks of ivory are also seized. The whole place is then burnt. The seventy poor creatures are handed over to the Chief, who retains one-half of them for himself, and distributes the others to his men; and then the worst scene of all began. The women and children were massacred and eaten, after which, in two or three days time, trading began, and Salim was able to depart from Wajwa with a fine stock of ivory to swell his master's ill-gotten gains.

WORM-KILLERS, EYE-OPENERS, WHIPS, ETC.

The question of diminishing the consumption of spirits in Belgium is being seriously discussed. A newspaper published in a poor part of Flanders states that the daily consumption of a working man—not a drunkard—there includes at 5.30 A.M. a "worm-killer," at 8 A.M., an "eye-opener," at 11 a.m. a "whip," at 2 p.m. a "digester," at 5 p.m. a "soldier," and at 7.30 p.m. a "finisher." His regular yearly expenditure for drams, without counting extra libations on festive occasions, amounts to 219 f.—a rather important item in a family budget of from 800 f. to 1,200 f. a year.

POOR MR. MATTHEWS!

BAITING "THIS HELPLESS MINISTER."

"WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF MR. HOME SECRETARY."
—Daily Telegraph.

THE continued impotence of the police in the presence of the murders in Whitechapel leads the *Daily Telegraph* to renew its onslaught on Mr. Matthews. The following are some extracts from its first leading article :—

WANTED A NEW HOME SECRETARY.

When Parliament meets again it is impossible that this most vital question should not attract the immediate and the serious attention of our legislators. We have had enough of Mr. Home Secretary Matthews, who knows nothing, has heard nothing, and does not intend to do anything in matters concerning which he ought to be fully informed, and prepared to act with energy and despatch. It is high time that this helpless Minister should be promoted out of the way of some more competent man; then, with a clear field before us, and a new Home Secretary appointed who knew something about the business which he was paid to know, we should be in a position to reorganize, or rather to create organization where none at present exists in the Detective Department at Scotland-yard. We have the highest respect for the pluck and integrity of retired military officers; but the public does not want any more colonels or captains in the metropolitan police. A civilian Commissioner is required, with powers co-ordinate with those of the gentleman who administers the force as a semi-military body. The formation of such a department, the appointment of such a chief, are urgent and imperative necessities, the cry for which must be reiterated until the measure of social security for which we call is granted.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

No paltering, no milk-and-water compromises, no patching and tinkering up, no half-hearted appointments of officials with insufficient powers and divided responsibilities will satisfy the public. It is clear that the Detective Department at Scotland-yard is in an utterly hopeless and worthless condition; that were there a capable director of criminal investigations the scandalous exhibition of stupidity and ineptitude revealed at the East-end inquests, and the immunity enjoyed by criminals, murder after murder, would not have angered and disgusted the public feeling as it has undoubtedly done. For ourselves, we do not intend to hold our hand till a clean sweep of impotence and red-tapeism is made at Scotland-yard, and intelligence and astuteness, take the place of self-sufficiency and demonstrated incapacity.

THE "TIMES" AND THE JUDGES.

COOKING THE REPORTS OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

AFRAID OF THE WORD "SUBSTANTIATE."

"I have always thought," said Mr. Justice Hannen on Monday, "that the public was best represented by the press." This is true; but only when the press puts the public interest before its own, and publishes a true report of the proceedings. The *Times'* report of the proceedings before Sir James Hannen himself does not come within this category. It has served the public very badly, by "cooking" the words both of judge and counsel to suit its own purposes.

The "cooking" in question occurs in the course of the severe cross-examination to which Mr. Graham, the *Times'* counsel, was subjected by the judge. We subjoin the report as given in all the other papers, inserting in brackets [ ] the alteration made by the *Times* :—

The President: But, Mr. Graham, do you propose to substantiate [*specify*] any charge?

Mr. Graham: I understand your lordships are appointed a Commission in the ordinary way to inquire and report to Parliament whether——

The President: That is all plain; but the question is what you are going to do. You are here representing the defendants in the action. Do you propose to substantiate [*specify*] any of the charges?

Mr. Graham: We propose to give you all the information in our power. But the Act of Parliament deals with charges and allegations——

The President: Do you propose to substantiate [*specify*] any charges or allegations?

The public will be able to draw its own conclusions from the terror with which that word "substantiate" seems to inspire the *Times*.

REBELS STILL FIRING ON SUAKIN.

A *Times* telegram from Suakin says :—The rebels held their position on Monday night, and opened a heavy fire next morning at three o'clock. During the night they had strengthened their position, throwing up earthworks and digging trenches at a distance of 1,000 yards from the Water forts. The works held about 500 of the Arabs, who maintained a desultory fire. Spies from Handoub report that fifteen wounded rebels were brought there, the killed having been buried in the desert. The forts replied to the enemy with a Krupp gun and a mortar during the day, and the rebels' loss is heavy. The firing still continues.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"IMPORTANT TO ALL."—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution: Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Pat.

For FEUILLETON, see page 13.

FOURTH EDITION.

A WOMAN ATTACKED IN THE WEST END.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PICCADILLY.

The West-end of London has this morning been sharing in the fear and excitement which for some time past have prevailed in the East. A widely circulated report reached us this morning to the effect that a woman had been found with her head almost severed from her body in Down-street, Piccadilly, and that crowds were hanging about the spot discussing the event. On arriving there our representative found a crowd still congregated opposite a house at the upper end of Down-street. On making inquiries a number of conflicting stories were told But all agreed that some tragic event had occurred. A woman who with her husband resided close to the spot, said in reply to questions that she was awakened at two o'clock this morning by the groans and screams of a woman. and on looking out of the window saw her leaning against the wall. The woman must have screamed loudly, for her cries were heard in Piccadilly by the driver of a hansom cab, who at once drove rapidly up the street, This man evidently found blood flowing from the woman; for he called out for a rag to staunch the wound. Aided by another man he put the woman into his cab, and took her at once to the St. George's Hospital. This was all the woman knew.

Our representative then proceeded to the St. George's Hospital, where he saw the inspector of police who had charge of the case. His information puts a less serious aspect upon the affair. The woman, it appears, is an "unfortunate," and quarrelled with a man over some money which he had given her. He thereupon appears to have dealt her a severe blow in the face; but whether he stabbed with a knife or the blow was given by a stick cannot yet be ascertained. The woman is not understood to be in any great danger. The man who committed the assault made his escape. The police are making further inquiries.

THE TRAGEDY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SEDUCER.

James Young surrendered to-day to further answer the charge of shooting Edgar Woolley, an assistant to his brother, a draper of High-street, Merton, with intent to murder him.

Detective Inspector Shaw now stated that Woolley left Guy's Hospital on Sunday morning last, and, although inquiries had been made, his whereabouts could not be ascertained. He asked the magistrate to grant a further remand and grant a summons to compel Woolley's attendance.

Mr. W. A. Colyer, who represented the accused, offered no objection to a further remand, and mentioned that yesterday he took out a Crown subpœna to enforce Woolley's attendance at that court, but it could not be served. Woolley was reluctant to make his appearance in court, as several other women were in a condition similar to that which Young's daughter now found herself to be in.

Mr. Plowden granted both applications, and accepted Mr. Colyer's bail for the appearance of the accused.

SENTENCES AT THE OLD BAILEY.

THE GREAT BOND ROBBERY IN THE CITY.

Frank Mortimer Reddington Casey, forty-five, who was described in the calender as a draper, but who had recently been a speculator on the Stock Exchange, was charged with a robbery with violence on James Dunbar Watson, and stealing from him a bag containing forty-two Uruguay bonds, value £7,000; 190 Ohio shares, value £3,500; and a banker's cheque, value £763 6*s.* 3*d.*, the property of Messrs Alexander Wilson and Sons, stock brokers, Throgmorton-street, on the 28th October, 1887; and also with receiving two Spanish bonds, value £962 each. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the robbery without violence, and the other counts were not pressed. The case created a considerable sensation at the time of the occurrence. The day of the robbery was settling day on the Stock Exchange. The young man Watson, from whom the bag and bonds were stolen, was going about different offices collecting and delivering stocks and shares for the settlement. He was coming down the stairs of an office in Hatton-court when the prisoner met him and suddenly snatched the bag from his hand and ran off with it. Nothing more was heard of it until August last, when one of the bonds was sent by a Mr. Ripley, of New York, to a house in London for negotiation. By this means the robbery was traced to the prisoner, and on his arrest the Spanish bonds were found in his lodgings at Notting-hill. The whole of the bonds had been recovered, and the owners had not sustained any loss. The prisoner made a long speech to the Recorder in mitigation of punishment, the purport of which was that he had heavy losses on the Stock Exchange, that he was suddenly tempted. and if he had another chance he would do well. The Recorder said the prisoner was evidently a Stock Exchange gambler. His speech only aggravated his offence. The sentence of the court was eighteen months' hard labour.

"FIFTEEN YEARS" FOR THE LAMBETH BURGLAR.

Arthur Bourne, thirty-one, machinist, pleaded guilty before Mr. Justice Charles to four indictments, charging him with burglaries in Lambeth at the Fleece Inn, and the King's Head, and with shooting at Police-constables Herbert Wright and Mark Jenkins. On the night of August 27 last. Police-constable Jenkins accosted the prisoner. He immediately drew a revolver and fired at the officer. Police-constable Wright, who was not far off, ran to the spot, and the prisoner, with whom Jenkins was grappling, fired another shot at Wright. After a desperate struggle the prisoner was secured. It was found that he had committed a burglary that night, and that a few nights previously he had committed another burglary and stolen the revolver which he used on the constables. A previous conviction was proved, and the learned judge passed a sentence of fifteen years penal servitude. His lordship also awarded £5 each to Police-constables Jenkins and Wright for the courage they had displayed.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

BRITISH OFFICER MURDERED.

MANDALAY, Sept. 18.—Intelligence received here from Htigyaing, in the Shwebo district, states that Lieutenant Beevor was found murdered in his bed on the 5th inst. It is presumed that the deed was committed by Dacoits, although a Burmese servant is also suspected.

ARREST OF A SUSPECTED GERMAN SPY.

PARIS, Sept. 19.—The judicial investigation into the case of Herr Kilian von Hohenburg, the professor who was recently arrested at Nice on the charge of being a German spy, is now concluded, and the accused will be brought up for trial before the Correctional Tribunal.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN PUBLISHER.

MUNICH, Sept. 19.—Freiherr Carl Cotta, the head of the well-known publishing house which bears his name died yesterday morning at Gerach Castle, near Esslingen.

TURKISH REVENUE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 19.—The general net receipts of the administration of the public debt from the ceded revenues during August, inclusive of the payment by the Regie and the Eastern Roumelian contribution amounted to £T184,012 as compared with £T176,679 for the corresponding month of last year.

FOG IN THE CLYDE.—A STEAMER SUNK.

A Greenock telegram states that the Anchor liner *Furnessia* and the Derry steamer *Elm* went aground, and the steamer *Glenlivet* sank in the Clyde, during a heavy fog this morning.

THE SULTAN'S COOKS STRIKE WORK.

The Bucharest correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company states that, according to private advices from Constantinople, two days after the departure of the Duke of Edinburgh from Constantinople, the cooks of the Sultan, to the number of 200, struck work. They had not received wages for fifteen months past. Not a fire was lighted nor a step heard in the numerous and vast kitchens. As the cooks must be followers of the Prophet it was difficult to replace them, but a requisition was made among the Greeks and Armenians. The best cook of the army was enlisted, and the Sultan and his many dependents were supplied with food. Before they commenced work the new staff exacted the conditions that they should receive their wages daily.

"I AM WITHOUT MONEY."

At the Wandsworth police-court to-day an elderly man entered the witness box and said he wanted to go to Glasgow. Mr. Plowden: What is your difficulty? The applicant: I am without money. (Laughter.) Mr. Plowden: That is not an unheard of difficulty. (Renewed laughter.) You are suffering from a grievance common to most people. I cannot give you any assistance.

RELEASE OF IMPRISONED SALVATIONISTS.

"Capt." Smith, of the Salvation Army, together with some comrades, was released from Holloway gaol this morning. He has undergone fourteen days' imprisonment for obstruction at Ware. A procession, headed by a brass band, marched to the prison gates, and received the captain and his comrades with shouts of "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" The party subsequently breakfasted at the Chalk Farm Barracks.

A STRIKE AT THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The workmen employed at the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, struck work yesterday. They sent four delegates to those in charge to ask for the grant of a rise in wages of 20 c. an hour to the 160 labourers employed on the erection. The duration of the working day is eleven hours, but it is reduced to ten only by the ascent and descent from the second story, which operation requires twenty-five minutes each way. M. Eiffel and M. Campagno received the four delegates of the workmen at three o'clock, and offered them the following conditions:—A general increase of 5 c. an hour, and for the next month a further increase of 5 c. to deserving workmen; and, in addition to this, the establishment of a canteen on the first story of the tower, where food would be sold at 50 per cent. less than below. The unmarried workmen were especially satisfied with the last item. The workmen retired from the workshops to consider these proposals. At six o'clock the delegates returned and had an interview with M. Campagno. They stated that, in their opinion, the workmen should accept the conditions offered to them, and they went back to their companions to try and convince them that this was their best course. The present height of the tower is 140 metres.

Mr. Gladstone has accepted the invitation of the Mayor of Birmingham to a public reception on the occasion of his visit to the town to attend the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation.

Eton College reopened to-day with the return of the lower boys. The fifth and sixth forms will arrive at the school to-morrow and on Friday.

A large sugar mill in High-street, Hull, belonging to Messrs. Middleton and Sons, was destroyed by fire this morning. The damage is estimated at several thousand pounds.

At the London Court of Bankruptcy this morning the failure was announced of Mr. J. Arnold Cave, formerly of Sadler's Wells Theatre and elsewhere, and who is well known in theatrical circles. A receiving order was made by Mr. Registrar Brougham.

The Bolton cotton trade strike has terminated in consequence of the employers' association threatening short time throughout the district. Musgrave's operatives resumed work on the masters' terms to day.

The Exchange Telegraph Company understand that Sir Henry James will be retained with the Attorney-General in the Parnell Commission Inquiry. It had been reported that Sir Henry had withdrawn.

The Prince of Wales is expected to arrive in Vienna on Saturday, and will stay a week there. His Royal Highness is at present on a visit to Count Festetics. The Prince's visit to Gyöngyös for the inspection of his regiment has been put off until the week after next.

Dr. Von Schloezer, the Prussian Minister to the Holy See, will arrive in Rome on the 21st inst. to settle the details of the Emperor's visit to the Vatican. Cardinal Lavigerie is also expected to arrive in Rome shortly.

DOUBLE DEATH ON THE RAILWAY.

Last night at West Drayton a young man and a young woman were killed on the railway. It is thought they were run over by a late express from Plymouth. Their bodies were first noticed by the brother of the young woman, and he at once communicated with the police.

NEMESIS.

Nemesis appears to have overtaken the author of the wheel tax. Mr. Goschen, while staying at Pontresina the other day, met with what might easily have been a serious accident by a wheel coming off his carriage. As the right honourable gentleman seems to have sustained nothing more than a gentle shaking—just enough to bring the importance of wheels in our social economy well home to him—I really think the occurrence must be regarded in the light of a special dispensation.—*Truth.*

NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY.

The half-yearly report of the directors of the North British Railway is published to-day. The expenditure on capital account for the half-year had amounted to £457,367 against the estimate of £326,491, the increase arising mainly in connection with the purchase of properties in contemplation of the early construction of the Bridgeton cross line and for additional waggon plant. The expenditure for the current half-year is estimated at £352,617; the receipts for the past half-year had been £1,360,235, as against £1,304,314 in the half-year of 1887. The balance of net revenue admitted of the payment of a dividend at the rate of four per cent. per annum on the ordinary stock of the company, and ½ per cent. per annum on the Edinburgh and Glasgow ordinary stock.

TAKEN FROM "TRUTH."

Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff is not likely to remain at Teheran very long, and it is exceedingly probable that he will be asked to succeed Lord Carrington as Governor of New South Wales.

I hear that Lord Lothian is to be admitted to the Cabinet next month. His continued exclusion has excited general grumbling in Scotland.

Lord and Lady Spencer have returned to Althorp, but they will shortly leave for Scotland, to visit Lord and Lady Rosebery at Dalmeny, and Lord and Lady Breadalbane at Taymouth, and they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden for a few days.

I hear that Miss Braddon is writing her literary reminiscences, which ought to be very interesting.

The office of Chief Justice of Ceylon, which is worth upwards of £2,000 a year, is about to become vacant by the resignation of Sir George Phillips, whose retirement is caused by ill-health.

The biography of the late Henry Ward Beecher, which is to be published next month, simultaneously in London and at Boston, will contain copious extracts from his journals and private correspondence.

The new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which, I understand, is to be named "The Tower," will be produced at the Savoy, on Saturday, November 10.

Lord and Lady Salisbury, who are now at Puys, near Dieppe, return to Hatfield House the week after next, and intend to reside there for several months.

RETRIBUTION.

The suicide is announced of the notorious Andreas Recsky, the police agent whose name was so much mentioned at the Tisza-Eszlar trials. The defendants in this shameful trial were a number of poor Jews, who were accused of having butchered Christian children for clandestine religious rites. Recsky was the chief witness for the prosecution, and he instigated a boy named Moritz Scharf to swear that he had witnessed all sorts of abominations through a keyhole. It was clearly shown at the trial that Recsky and Scharf had perjured themselves, and the prisoners were all acquitted. Recsky after this lost his situation and took to drinking. He has now hanged himself.

THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

Favoured by a continuance of the splendid weather, the sham fighting was resumed yesterday at Müncheberg, the Emperor himself taking command of the 3rd Army Corps. General von Pape, commanding the Guard Corps, attempted, by a feigned attack on his left and some skilful manœuvring on his right, to turn the Emperor's left flank, and some interesting fighting followed, including a brilliant collision between two cavalry divisions. Though the Emperor had to fold back his left flank under the overwhelming pressure brought to bear by his assailant, he nevertheless then retired on a position around a village so naturally adapted for defence and so much further strengthened by entrenchments—constructed early in the morning under his Majesty's own eye—as to be pronounced all but impregnable. At the close the troops again went into bivouac, and to-day they will fight a final battle, after which all the infantry are to be entrained and dismissed to their respective garrisons before midnight.

THE AUSTRALIANS AT HASTINGS.

This match was continued yesterday at Hastings. During the day the Southerners had their first innings, and were all out for 174. Being 117 to the bad, they had to follow on. In their second venture W. G. Grace showed some splendid cricket for his 53 runs. When stumps were drawn the English in their second innings had made 169 runs for nine wickets.

The tenth wicket was soon disposed of this morning, with the total at 175. M'Donnell and Bannerman then went in, but the former was caught and bowled by Beaumont for 4; Bannerman, not out, 5; extras, 1; total, one wicket for 10. At 1.4 the Australians won by nine wickets.

THE AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Bannerman, c Read, b Lohmann	15
M'Donnell, c Beaumont, b Lohmann	45
Bonnor, b Smith	5
Trott, b Lohmann	50
Turner, c Lohmann, b Beaumont	1
Lyons, c Abel, b Lohmann	84
Edwards, b Pigg	0
Blackham, b Pigg	2
Jarvis, b Smith	37
Worrall, c Pigg, b Read	27
Ferris, not out	0
Extras	25
Total	291

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.—First Innings.

Grace, c Worrall, b Turner	4
Newham, run out	0
Read, c Trott, b Turner	9
Key, c Bonnor, b Turner	44
Abel, c Bonnor, b Trott	29
Pigg, c Jarvis, b Trott	0
Lohmann, c Bannerman, b Trott	10
Suthery, st Jarvis, b Trott	9
Phillips, c M'Donnell, b Turner	9
Smith, c Bannerman, b Ferris	44
Beaumont, not out	2
Extras	14
Total	174

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

Grace, c Bonnor, b Ferris	53
Abel, c Worrall, b Turner	5
Newham, b Ferris	11
Read, c Blackham, b Ferris	24
Key, st Jarvis, b Ferris	0
Pigg, not out	38
Lohmann, c Edwards, b Lyons	6
Smith, b Ferris	7
Sutthery, b Turner	14
Phillips, not out	0
Beaumont, c Bannerman, b Turner	0
Extras	11
Total	169

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE GREAT EASTERN HANDICAP.

Galore, Brave Lass, Prudence, Sea Song, Monsieur de Paris, Whistle Jacket, Sandal, Lady Mun aster, Maiden Belle, Mon Droit, A Life's Mistake, The Shrew, Palmleaf, Saucy Lass, Belisarius II., Irgunder, Wise Man, Franciscan, Luciana, Renown.

THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

MARKETS ALL FIRM.—QUOTATIONS HIGHER.—CONTINUED RECOVERY IN MILWAUKEES.

Quotations in the open market show little alteration. There is a fair demand for short loans owing to the falling due of repayments at the Bank of England, but the rate for day-to-day advances is not better than 3 per cent. The discount rate for three months' bank paper is still quoted 3⅝ per cent., but in some directions business is accepted below that figure. There is apparently a disposition to hold bills in the hope of better terms, and only a small number is presented for discount. A satisfactory feature is the condition of the foreign exchanges, which keep favourable to this country, and the continued receipt of gold from the Continent. It is impossible, however, to say what the future course of the market is likely to be, as there are so many contingencies to be taken into account. For the present, however, the disposition is to look rather for a relapse than for a further upward movement.

Operators in Stock Exchange securities are getting over the advance in the Bank rate to 4 per cent., and quite a cheerful tone is apparent in most directions. There is not so much activity as was the case previous to the rise in the value of money, but still a fair amount of fresh speculation for the rise is being entered into. Consols and other Home Government Funds are quiet without material alteration. One of the chief features this morning is the continued strong demand for Home Railway Ordinary stocks and the Deferred stocks of the southern lines, which all show a further appreciable upward movement. North British has now risen to 125½, and Brighton Deferred is quoted at 128¼ buyers. Foreign Government Bonds have not moved to any considerable extent at present, but the tone is good, and the few changes shown are to higher prices. The inquiry for Greek Bonds continues. American Railroad securities are better, in response to the improvement in New York yesterday, but the market is without special feature, except for a further sharp recovery in Milwaukee and St. Paul shares, which continue to be bought back by operators who sold on the dividend announcement. Erie descriptions have been bought, and Lake Shore and Louisville shares are especially strong, but otherwise the variations only range from ⅛ to ⅜. A large speculative inquiry has sprung up for Grand Trunk of Canada stocks, which are substantially higher. Mexican Railway issues have given way, but Mining and Miscellaneous securities are again quiet.

The Stock Market at New York yesterday opened active and strong, with heavy foreign purchases and covering by shorts. The bears offered some resistance, but in the afternoon Delaware and New England led an extensive upward movement, which caused advances of ½ to 2. Some realization afterwards caused prices to decline from the best, but the closing was strong, at figures close to the highest.

The following are the latest changes compared with last night's closing:—

In Home Railways.—*Improved*: Hull and Barnsley ¾, Brighton Deferred and North British ⅝, South Eastern Deferred ⅜, Chatham Ordinary ⅜, the Preference ¼, Great Eastern and Sheffield Deferred ¼, Caledonian, Great Western, and Midland ⅛. *Receded*: District ¼, and North Eastern ⅛.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: Greek 1881 ¾, French Three per Cents, and Buenos Ayres Cedulas I ¼, Egyptian Unified 3-16, the Preference and Daira ⅛, Spanish Four per Cents. 3-16, Portuguese ⅛, Italian and Russian 1873 Bonds 1-16.

American Railroads.—*Risen*: Milwaukee and St. Paul 1⅜, Louisville and Nashville ⅞, Lake Shore ¾, Erie shares and Second Mortgage ½, Union Pacific ½, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage ⅜, Central Pacific, New York Central, Norfolk and Western Preference, Philadelphia and Reading shares, and Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary ¼, Northern Pacific Preference, and Pennsylvania shares ⅛. *Fallen*: Missouri, Kansas, and Texas ¼, and Denver Preference ⅛.

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher*: Grand Trunk First Preference 1⅜, the Second Preference 1¼, the Guaranteed 1, the Third Preference ⅝, the Ordinary 5-16, Nitrate shares ¾, and Canada Pacific ½. *Lower*: Mexican First and Second Preference ¼, and the Ordinary ⅛.

Mason and Barry are up 3-16, Rio Tinto 1-16, and Hudson's Bay ⅛; but Allsopp's and Spratt's shares are down ⅛.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The market is quiet but steady, with a moderate business. Sales 8,000. Futures quiet at about last night's rates.

The following are this day's 12 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.		
Consols	100¼	⅛
New Consols 2¾	97⅜	¾
Reduced 3 p. c.	99⅛	100
Local Loan Stock	102	3
New 2½ per. Cent	94¼	¾
India 3½ per Cent.	104¼	¼
Do. 4½ p. c. Rs.	73	¼
Egyptian Guar.	99⅛	100⅛
Met. Bd. Wks. 5½	111½	22
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	101	4
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	110	11
Liverpool	110¼	¾
FOREIGN STOCKS.		
Argentine 6 p. c.	100	2
Do. Hard Dols	70½	1½
Do. Treasury	93⅛	9⅛
Austrian Gold	91	3
Do. Silver	87	9
Brazilian 1875	102⅛	3⅛
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4
Do. Cedulas I.	61¼	5¼
Chilian 4½ p.c. 1885	100	2
Costa Rica A.	92	3
Do. B.	91	½
Egypt. State Don.	101½	2
Do. Unified	81⅞	5
Do. Preference	102¼	3¼
Do. Daira Sanieh	80	½
French 3 p.c. Rnts	82½	3½
Do. 4½ p.c. Rnts	103¼	4½
Greek 5 p.c. 1881	80	½
Hung. Gold Rentes	82¼	3
Italian	96⅛	⅜
Mexican Converted	39⅜	⅜
Peruvian 5 p.c. 7	14 11 16	13 16
Do. 6 p.c.	16	¼
Portuguese	61¼	⅓
Russian 1873	98½	⅝
Spanish 4 p. c.	75⅜	⅜
Turkish 1854	100	2
Group 1	25	¼ xd
Group 2	15⅛	⅓ xd
Groups 3 and 4	11⅞ 15	xd
4½ p.c. 1871	85¼	7
5 p. c. Defence	97¼	8¼
5 p. c. Priority	81	3 xd
Uruguay Unified	76½	⅜
Virginia Funded	41	2
U.S. 4½ p.c.	108½	9½
BRITISH RAILWAYS		
Caledonian	115⅝	¼
Great Eastern	70⅜	⅛
Great Northern	113	19
Ditto A	104½	5⅛
Great Western	148⅛	⅓
Hull and Barnsley	21¼	¼
Lanc. and York	113½	19½
Brighton (Ordinary)	141	3
Do. A	128¼	½
Chatham (Ordinary)	24	¼
Do. Preference	102	½
North Western	170⅛	⅝
South Western	137½	8½
Manchester & Shef.	71	3
Do. A.	39⅝	⅛
Met. Consolidated	74½	5
Do. Land Stock	70½	1½
Do. District	34	⅛
Midland	131¼	½
North British	125¼	¾
North Eastern	160⅛	⅛
North Stafford	111	13
South Eastern	133	5
Do. Deferred	110½	¼
FOREIGN RAILWAYS		
Canada Pacific	53⅛	¼
Cen. Pacific Share	36¼	7¼
Chic. Mil. and St. P.	65¼	6
Denver & R. Grande	20	¼
Do. Pref.	52½	¼
Illinois Shares	121½	2⅛
Lake Shore	101¼	¼
Ohio & Mississipp.	25	⅛
Louis. and Nash.	61⅛	⅛
Mex. Cen. Bonds	68¼	¼
Do. Nat "A"	63	½
Miss. Kan. & Texas	13¼	¾
N. Y. Cen. Shares	111¼	12⅛
New York Ontario	17⅛	¼
Erie Shares	29⅞	30⅛
Do. Sec. Mort.	103¼	¼
Norfolk & West. Pref.	59⅜	⅛
N. Y. P. & O. 1st M.	40⅝	⅜
North. Pacific Pref.	63⅛	4
Pennsylvania Sh.	56⅛	7
Phil. and Read. Sh.	26⅛	7
Union Pacific Shares	61½	¼
Wabash Preferred	27	¼
Do. Gen. Mort.	44	5
Grand Trunk Sh.	11	¼
Do. First Pref.	65¼	6
Do. Second Pref.	44	½
Do. Third Pref.	25⅛	6⅛
Do. Guaranteed	70	½
Mexican Ordinary	46¼	7
Do First Pref.	110½	20
Ob. do. 2nd Pref.	78½	9
Lombardo-Venetian	9	⅛
Varna 3 per cent.	7⅞	⅜
Nitrate Railway	23¼	4¼
BANKS.		
Alliance Bank	133½	14½
City Bank	205½	1½
Consolidated Bank	7¼	8¼
Imperial Ottoman	11 11-16	13 16
London and County	85⅛	6½
Union of London	40	1
London and West.	66½	7½
London Joint Stock	39½	40½
Nat. Prov. of Eng.	43	4
Stand. Bnk. S. Afric	50½	1½
MINES		
Indian Consolidated	⅛	⅜
Mysore shares	⅜	⅝
Ooregums	1⅜	⅝
Cape Copper	4⅞	5
Namaqua	2⅜	3⅛
Mason and Barry	11¼	⅜
Rio Tinto	23	⅛
Montana £1 shares	1 9 16	11 16
De Beers	29⅛	30
Kimberley Cent.	34¼	5¼
TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES		
Anglo-American	43	4
Do. Pref.	73½	3½
Brazilian Submarine	13⅜	⅛
Direct Unit. States	10	¼
Eastern	12⅛	⅛
Ditto Extension	13	¼
United Telephone	13¼	¼
Globe Teleg. Trust	7	¼
TRAMWAYS ETC		
London Gen. Om	190	5
London Street	12	1
London Tramway	13½	14½
North Metropolitan	15⅛	17⅛
WATERWORKS		
Chelsea Waterworks	260	5
East London	197	202
Grand Junction	124	8
Kent	270	5
Lambeth	261	6
New River, New	349	54
St. Lwrk. & Vauxhal.	163	70
W. Middlesex	265	70
GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.		
Gaslight & Coke A	252	6
Imp. Continental	208	11
South Metropolitan	306	11
Brush Electrical (Appd)	3⅛	⅛
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Allsopp	7⅛	8
Guinness and Co.	305	10
Hotchkiss	10	⅛
Bryant and May	12¼	13
Spratt's Pat.	9¼	10
P. and O. S. am	65	8
Royal Mail Steam	65	8
Nat. Discount Co.	11⅛	12
Hudson's Bay	19⅛	20
Suez Canal	88	⅛
E. & W. Ind. Docks	24	6
London and St. K.	43	5

THE RELEASE OF MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.

A MESSAGE FROM MR. PARNELL.

Mr. Dillon, M.P., was released unconditionally from Dundalk Gaol yesterday morning. He was ordered to be discharged by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on medical grounds, in consequence of the state of his health. At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Dillon arrived at Dublin, whence he drove to the residence of Dr. Kenny, M.P., where he is at present staying. A large crowd of friends met the hon. gentleman, and on getting out of the railway carriage he received a warm greeting. Among those present were the Lord Mayor, M.P., Dr. Kenny, M.P., Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Mayne, M.P., Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P., Mr. Peter M'Donald, M.P., Alderman Leary, and Mr. M. J. Kenny, M.P. The accounts concerning the health of Mr. Dillon are somewhat conflicting, but the general opinion of those who saw him is that he looks thinner and more careworn than before he entered gaol. Mr. Dillon believes that the order for his release was issued before the order of the Parnell Commission for his release in October was made.

Speaking to a crowd that collected outside his house last night Mr. Dillon said:—

I am sure you will not expect me to make anything in the shape of a long speech. I came out simply for the purpose of thanking you for the great kindness with which you have come here to welcome me on my release from prison. I need hardly tell you that release has taken place without any conditions, and without any negotiations on my part with the Government. I have come out of prison, I need hardly say, if possible, more determined than ever to carry on the struggle in which we are all engaged; and . . . . . I have learned enough to make me firmly believe that the cause for which we have been proud to suffer is steadily progressing, and that every man who has been sent to gaol in Ireland serves but hasten the triumph of that cause, which is close at hand.

In the course of yesterday afternoon Mr. Parnell sent the following telegram to Mr. John Dillon:—"I congratulate you upon your release, which has removed a load of anxiety from the minds of your friends everywhere. Your triumph over the brutalities of your imprisonment is a great victory for Ireland and a signal discomfiture to Balfour's coercion."

MR. G. W. MOORE'S LITTLE SPEECH.

Last night the Moore and Burgess Minstrels entered upon their twenty-fourth year at St. James's Hall. Mr. G. W. Moore, casting aside his character of "Bones," made a little speech. He was proud to say that no other entertainment in the world had been successful so long. In a short time they would leave London, but only to return before Christmas, when they would not be far from their twenty-fifth year. Perhaps that might be called some sort of a wedding. It was long enough to be married in seven or eight times, though personally he had only been married twice. What a world this was! Sitting on the stage he had seen thousands of faces come and go. His old chair at the corner could tell many a tale, though it had had not a few predecessors broken by his jumping up and down. As for the troupe, he was proud of it. Some of the members had been in it 21 years. They had none of what the Americans called chair-warmers, persons who made a show but did nothing else. As for the comedians of the troupe they spoke for themselves. Some of their productions might be said without vanity to have been successful. He had sung a song called "Tapioca" for ten years. But if that chap at the opposite corner (Mr. Eugene Stratton, who had sung "The Whistling Coon" for the 1,135th time that evening) kept on singing "The Whistling Coon" with the same success as at present, he would beat "Tapioca." The motto of the company was "Fun without vulgarity." Ladies could send their daughters here while they went themselves to the races. On behalf of himself and his partner, Mr. Burgess, he thanked the public sincerely. Mr. Burgess was taking a holiday at present, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar. It was difficult to say where he would be next—perhaps at Syracuse. He would be pleased when he heard of that evening's reception.

THE RIGHT OF WAY DISPUTE AT EGHAM.

Since the animated scene at Egham on the night of July 13 last, when the ratepayers in a body angrily removed the rails which obstructed the footpath leading from the Windsor-road across Yard Mead to the River Thames, a process of doing and undoing has been going on between Mr. Oades and those interested in maintaining the right of way. Mr. Oades, finding a bank which he threw up at the entrance to the path was as quickly removed, thought he would prevent the public from using the path by deepening the ditch running between the road and the field. The heavy rains which followed so far favoured him as to make the ditch for the moment impassable, but, not to be baffled, the claimants of the right had planks placed across the ditch, and once again Mr. Oades was defeated. All his attempts to close the path being of no avail, he instituted proceedings against certain of the parishioners for damage to his property, trespass, &c., so that the case will now be decided in the law courts. The solicitors to the National Footpath Preservation Association have undertaken to defend the action.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

In London last week 2,488 births and 1,331 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 217 and the deaths 77 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The annual death rate per thousand from all causes, which had been 17.5, 16.4, and 16.0 in the three preceding weeks, rose again last week to 16.2. During the eleven weeks ending on Saturday last, the death rate averaged 16.2 per 1,000, and was 3.8 below the mean rate in the corresponding periods of the ten years 1878-87. The deaths registered last week in twenty-eight great towns of England and Wales corresponded to an annual rate of 17.7 per 1,000 of their aggregate population.

THE SCANDAL OF INFANT LIFE INSURANCE.

The subject of infant insurance again comes before the public through an inquest held by Mr. Troutbeck yesterday. An infant, insured at the age of three weeks, had died suddenly. The parents had lost three other children, all of whom were insured. An inquest was held, and though in this case the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," and the medical evidence pointed to pneumonia as the cause of the suffocation of the infant, the coroner justly observed that insurance of children so young tends to throw suspicion on parents, however innocent they may really be. He added that he was very surprised to hear that it was possible to insure the life of a child one day old. The practice of insuring children's lives seemed to him to be a custom that was to be condemned upon every ground.

HATCHARDS, Booksellers, 187, Piccadilly, W. All the New and Standard Books. Discount 2d. in the shilling. Post orders promptly executed.

THE CHINESE EXPULSION BILL.

President Cleveland's friends in Congress say that he will veto the Chinese Expulsion Bill, which was passed by the Senate on Monday. It is difficult to see how he would be able to take any other course, says the *Daily News* correspondent. When the bill passed the House it was thought that China had rejected the proposed treaty, but before the Senate voted it was known that this was a mistake, and that the treaty was still under consideration. The Senate's course is, therefore, more strongly condemned even than that of the House of Representatives.

SHALL SCOTLAND HAVE HOME RULE?

The conference of the Scottish Home Rule Association was held at Glasgow yesterday. Dr. Clark, M.P., who presided, said the only possible settlement of the Home Rule question was based upon Federalism. They must have a Parliament doing solely Scotch business, as the Imperial Parliament had now completely broken down. Local parliaments might elect the Imperial Parliament. At a meeting held at night Professor Hunter, M.P., the chairman, said whatever form Home Rule for Scotland took, the Imperial Parliament would remain supreme. At present the Scottish members might as well be spending a holiday in Switzerland for all Scotch business they were doing in Westminster. Professor Blackie did not believe in centralization or in Londonization (laughter), but in the nationality of the Scotch. A resolution was passed, urging the establishment of a Legislature in Scotland, with full control over all purely Scottish questions.

"SHORT TIME" COTTON SPINNERS.—A meeting of the executive committee of the United Cotton Spinners' Association was held yesterday, at Manchester, to consider the replies received to the resolution already passed, "that it is desirable, in the interest of the trade, that the spinners of American cotton should resort to short time." Replies, representing fifteen million spindles, approved of the resolution.

WHAT WILL MR. RUSKIN SAY?—An influential meeting was held at Penrith yesterday to promote a new railway from the London and North Western Railway, a little south of Penrith, to Pooley Bridge, at the foot of Ullswater. The estimated cost is £30,000, of which Mr. W. J. Marshall, of Latterdale Hall, offered to subscribe £2,000. A resolution was passed in favour of the project, and a committee was appointed to promote it.

A "TRAVELLER IN BOOKS"—AND IN POCKETS.—At Leeds yesterday James Keating, forty-two, "traveller in books," was charged with picking pockets on several occasions at Woodhouse Cemetery, and committed for trial. The prisoner, attired in deep mourning, had mingled among the mourners from time to time, and managed to pick a number of ladies' pockets. He admitted having served ten years, and was identified as a very clever pickpocket by a Scotland-yard detective.

YET ANOTHER BI-CENTENARY.—The bicentenary of the landing of Prince William of Orange will be celebrated at Brixham on November 5. An influential committee has been formed, and an endeavour is being made to raise £1,000 to defray the cost of a statue to be erected on Brixham beach. A meeting was held yesterday in furtherance of that object, and it was stated that descendants of the men who landed with the Prince have promised substantial support to the movement. Altogether £400 has been obtained.

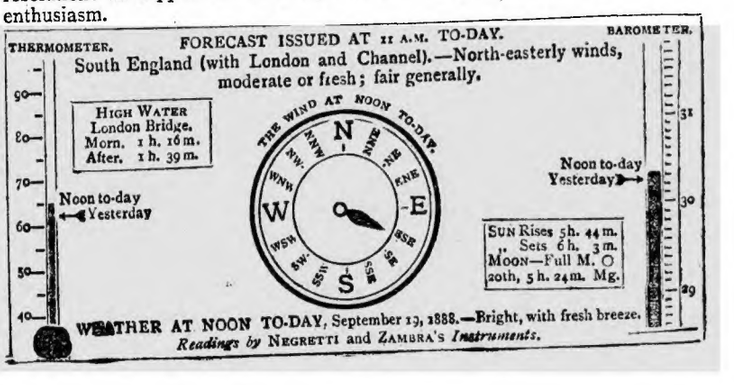
A SALVATIONIST'S SUDDEN DEATH.—A colour-sergeant of the Salvation Army, who was formerly a heavy drinker, was on Monday evening addressing an open-air meeting at Birmingham, and, in speaking of his former life, said: "I am prepared to meet my God. Sudden death would be sudden glory." He had proceeded but a few sentences further when he fell and died. The medical evidence at the inquest was that his heart was diseased, and that the cause of death was syncope produced by excitement.

OUR REVENUE RECEIPTS.—The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1888, when there was a balance of £7,647,072, to September 15, 1888, were £35,159,278, against £35,218,630 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £5,950,107. The net expenditure was £37,875,311, against £37,605,964 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on September 8, 1888, amounted to £2,364,893, and at the same date in 1887 to £2,948,773.

METROPOLITAN PAUPERISM.—The weekly return of metropolitan pauperism shows that the total number of paupers relieved in the second week of the current month was 91,488, of whom 55,239 were indoor and 36,249 outdoor paupers. The total number relieved shows an increase of 1,624 over the corresponding week of last year, 4,752 over 1886, and 5,986 over 1885. The total number of vagrants relieved on the last day of the week was 985, of whom 787 were men, 178 women, and 20 children under sixteen.

PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.—The Portuguese Colonial Minister discusses the position of Portugal in South and Central Africa in a letter addressed to the Geographical Society of Lisbon. The port of Lorenzo Marques continues to be Portuguese because, says the Minister, the national will is resolute on this subject, and is supported by international law. He adds that the Zambesi, the Shire, and other affluents of the great river and Lake Nyassa offer the best means of penetrating into the interior.

A PEOPLE'S PALACE FOR BATTERSEA.—A public meeting was last night held at Battersea to take into consideration the question of converting the Albert Palace into a recreative and technical institute for Battersea. Several of the Battersea Library Commissioners and other influential gentlemen were present. In the course of several animated speeches reference was made to the generous offer of Mr. O. V. Morgan, M.P., of a large donation towards a fund for securing the Albert Palace as an institute for Battersea. It was strongly urged that the Albert Palace is well adapted for a People's Palace, and resolutions in support of its being used for that purpose were carried with enthusiasm.



*BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA.**

THE REMINISCENCES OF A FAMOUS IMPRESARIO.

THE flood of reminiscences which each autumn brings with it has begun this year with the very entertaining memoirs of Mr. Mapleson. The two volumes which he publishes to-day are full of reminiscences of famous singers, which are at once good-natured and amusing. Not even a *prima donna* is a heroine to her own *impresario*, and Mr. Mapleson has not, as too many memoir writers do, uniformly dipped his pen into honey.

A VOICELESS TENOR.

Before proceeding to give our readers a few samples of the kind of entertainment to be met with in these volumes, it will be interesting to refer to a passage or two in the early career of Mr. Mapleson himself. He had prepared himself for the duties of operatic *impresario* by a long apprenticeship both as a singer and a musical manager. His career in the former capacity was, however, very literally cut short. After fulfilling several engagements in Italy, Mr. Mapleson returned to England. But "he had a slight ailment of the throat, and, before starting on a tour, during which he was naturally anxious to sing his best, he thought it prudent to place himself in the hands of a throat doctor, who treated the case thoroughly, and in such heroic style that, according to Mr. Mapleson, he was, at one fell stroke, deprived of his uvula, his tonsils, and his voice."

PRIZEFIGHTERS ON THE STAGE.

Thus bereft of song, Mr. Mapleson turned to business; and started what was probably the earliest musical agency, from which he was afterwards allured by the invitation of that very original character, Mr. Edward Tyrrel Smith, who was anxious to add an Italian Opera venture to Cremorne Gardens and his other schemes. As an instance of Mr. Smith's expedients for raising the wind, Mr. Mapleson tells the following story :—

About this time (1860) the celebrated fight for the championship took place between Sayers and Heenan, and as the Covent Garden people were getting rather ahead of us, Mr. Smith, with a view to increased receipts, insisted on my announcing that Messrs. Sayers and Heenan, who had fought the day previously, would attend the opera in their bruised state. It was with the greatest difficulty that I afterwards got the announcement withdrawn from the papers. Both men appeared, nevertheless, that evening—one worse-looking than the other—in a private box which Smith had prepared specially for them on the grand tier; one corner being filled with brandies and sodas, and the other with bottles of champagne. Both men were so fatigued with their business of the previous day that before the end of the first act they went home, much to my relief. Shortly afterwards Smith proposed that the belt (which had been divided in two) should be presented on the stage between the acts of the opera. This, too, I overruled, and the ceremony ultimately took place at the Alhambra.

PATTI IN 1861 AND 1882.

Mr. Mapleson's pages offer a lively contrast between Adelina Patti at the beginning and at the zenith of her career. A "little lady" who had won some success in America had been provisionally engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith at a salary of £40 a week "in case of success." Mr. Smith "seemed to be out of the way."

Some time in the month of April the little lady from America arrived and sent me up her card, bearing the name of Adelina Patti. She was accompanied by Maurice Strakosch, her brother-in-law. They wished to know when Mr. Smith's season was likely to begin. I could give them no information beyond the current report which they had already heard themselves. The little lady, who was then seated on a sofa at the Arundel Hotel, at the bottom of Norfolk-street, Strand, suggested that I should try the speculation myself, as she felt sure she would draw money. I thereupon asked her to let me hear her, that I might judge as to the quality of her voice, to which she responded by singing "Home, Sweet Home." I saw that I had secured a diamond of the first water, and immediately set about endeavouring to get Her Majesty's Theatre. But this was a hopeless business, as Smith, who still held the lease, was nowhere to be found.

Patti was afterwards secured by Mr. Gye for Covent Garden by a loan of £50 to Mr. Strakosch, and her career began. Many years later, when she returned to America under Mr. Mapleson, the furore was immense. At Washington Mdme. Patti appeared in "Semiramide" before a brilliant audience.

In a letter to the papers the following morning a mathematician stated that by carefully counting the notes in the part of "Semiramide," and dividing the result by the sum paid nightly to Patti for singing that part, he discovered that she received exactly 42⅝ cents for each of the notes that issued from her throat. This was found to be just 7 1-10 cents per note more than Rossini got for writing the whole opera.

At San Francisco the people waited all night for a chance of buying tickets for the performances, and good positions in the line were sold for as much as £4.

BUSTLING MR. SIMS REEVES.

In 1863 I had engaged Sims Reeves to sing the rôle of "Faust" on certain evenings at Her Majesty's Theatre, and one day received a telegram from the eminent tenor, dated "Crewe," expressing his astonishment that I had announced him for that evening, when the engagement was for the following one. I at once went off to Sims Reeves's house, and learned from the butler that his dinner had been ordered for half-past seven o'clock. I thereupon informed the man that the orders had been changed, and that the dinner was to be served at twelve o'clock instead of the time originally fixed. I ascertained that Mr. Reeves was to arrive at Euston Station, and there met him, accompanied by Mrs. Sims Reeves. While she was busying herself about the general arrangements, I got the tenor to myself and told him the difficulty I was in, to which he replied that it was quite impossible for him to sing that evening, as he had ordered his dinner at home. I at once explained that I had postponed it for a few hours, and that a light dinner was being prepared for him in his dressing-room at the theatre. The suddenness of my proposition seemed rather to amuse him, as he laughed; and I was delighted to get a kind of half-promise from him that provided I mentioned the matter to his wife, he would consent. At this moment she appeared, asking me what I was talking about to her husband. One of us began to state what the object in view was, when she exclaimed, "Its all nonsense; but I can well understand. Mapleson is an impresario, and wants to ruin you by making you sing." She then asked me how I could possibly think of such a thing when the chintz and the crumbcloth of his dressing-room had not been fixed? It was the custom of Mrs. Reeves to hang the walls with new chintz and place a fresh-mangled white damask cloth on the floor the nights her husband sang; and on this occasion the sacred hangings had gone to the wash. I explained that I had provided other chintz, but to no effect. Reeves was hurried to his brougham and driven away, his wife remarking, as she looked scornfully at me, "He's only a manager."

TITIENS, MARIO, GRISI.

When Colonel Mapleson first opened at Drury Lane, Mr. Gye's envoy, the late Augustus Harris, appeared, and endeavoured to secure Titiens, who had not yet signed her contract with him; and he produced a contract signed by Mr. Gye, with the amount she was to receive in blank. She was to fill in anything she chose. It was indeed a trying moment, and various members of her family urged her to give consideration to this extraordinary proposal. She, however, replied in few words: "I have given my promise to Mr. Mapleson, which is better than all contracts." Of Grisi he writes :—

She was invaluable to Mario in many ways, not only in connection with his art, but also with the occupations of his ordinary life. She was always punctual, and, indeed, a little before the time; whereas Mario was invariably late. He had always his cravat to tie or a fresh cigar to light just when the last moment for catching the train had arrived. He was the most inveterate smoker I ever knew. He had always a cigar in his mouth, except when he was on the stage and actually in the presence of the audience. When he came off, if only for a moment, he would take a puff at his still burning cigar, which he had carefully left in the wings where he would be sure to find it again. Faust in the garden scene passes for a few moments behind some bushes at the back of the stage. During those moments Mario had just time to enjoy a few whiffs, after which he returned to continue his love-making. Mario spent large sums of money on his favourite weed, and thought nothing of giving away a box of cigars to a friend for which he had paid (to some friendly tobacconist who had cheated him) £5 or £6 a hundred.

THE CAPRICES OF ARTISTES.

Colonel Mapleson gives a curious account of the whims and caprices of famous artistes ;—

The prima donna has generally a parrot, a pet dog, or an ape, which she loves to distraction, and carries with her wherever she goes. Ilma de Murska, however, travelled with an entire menagerie. Her immense Newfoundland, Pluto, dined with her every day. A cover was laid for him as for her, and he had learned to eat a fowl from a plate without dropping any of the meat or bones on the floor, or even on the tablecloth. Pluto was a good-natured dog, or he would have made short work of the monkey, the two parrots, and the Angora cat who were his constant associates. The intelligent animal hated travelling in the dog-truck, and he would resort to any sort of device in order to join his mistress in her first-class carriage, where he would, in spite of his immense bulk, squeeze himself beneath the seat. Once I remember he sprang through the closed window, cutting himself severely about the nose in his daring leap. The other animals were simple nuisances. But I must do the monkey the justice to say that he did his best to kill the cat, and a bare place on Minette's back showed how badly she had once been clawed by her mischievous tormentor.

MADAME NILSSON AND THE SHAH.

At a special performance given in honour of the Shah at Drury-lane in 1873, Mdme. Nilsson was to play the title-rôles of "La Traviata" and "Mignon" in the first act of each opera.

Mdme. Nilsson had ordered, at considerable expense, one of the most sumptuous dresses I have ever seen from Worth, in Paris, in order to portray "Violetta" in the most appropriate style. On the evening of the performance his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived punctually at half-past eight to assist in receiving the Shah, who did not put in an appearance; and it was ten minutes to nine when Sir Michael Costa led off the opera. I shall never forget the look the fair Swede cast upon the empty Royal box, and it was not until half-past nine, when the act of "La Favorita" had commenced that his Majesty arrived. He was particularly pleased with the ballet I had introduced in the "Favorita." The Prince of Wales, with his usual consideration and foresight, suggested to me that it might smooth over the difficulty in which he saw clearly I should be placed on the morrow in connection with Mdme. Nilsson, if she were presented to the Shah prior to his departure. I thereupon crossed the stage and went to Mdme. Nilsson's room, informing her of this. She at once objected, having already removed her magnificent "Traviata" toilette and attired herself for the character of "Mignon," which consists of a torn old dress, almost in rags, with hair hanging dishevelled down the back, and naked feet. After explaining that it was a command with which she must comply, I persuaded her to put a bold face on the matter and follow me. I accompanied her to the ante-room of the Royal box, and before I could notify her arrival to his Royal Highness, to the astonishment of all she had walked straight to the farther end of the room, where his Majesty was then busily employed eating peaches out of the palms of his hands. The look of astonishment on every Eastern face was worthy of the now well known picture on the Nabob pickles. Without a moment's delay Mdme. Nilsson made straight for his Majesty, saying :—

"Vous êtes un très mauvais Shah," gesticulating with her right hand. "Tout à l'heure j'étais très riche, avec des costumes superbes, exprès pour votre Majesté: à present je me trouve très pauvre et sans souliers" ["You are a very bad Shah. A short time ago I was very rich, with superb costumes, expressly for your Majesty. At present I find myself very poor and without shoes"] at the same time raising her right foot within half an inch of his Majesty's nose, who, with his spectacles, was looking to see what she was pointing to. He was so struck with the originality of the fair prima donna that he at once notified his attendants that he would not go to the Goldsmiths' ball for the present, but would remain to see this extraordinary woman. His Majesty did not consequently reach the Goldsmiths' Hall until past midnight. The Lord Mayor, the Prime Warden, the authorities, and guards of honour had all been waiting since half-past nine."

* "The Mapleson Memoirs." Two vols. (Remington and Co. 1888.)

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

TO-NIGHT, at 9,

(Last 12 performances.)

Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD in

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Preceded at 8 by LESBIA, Classical Comedy in One Act, by Mr. RICHARD DAVEY. Lesbia, Miss Beatrice Cameron.

MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.

MONDAY, Oct. 1, A PARISIAN ROMANCE. Mr. MANSFIELD as the BARON CHEVRIAL.

Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.)

TO-NIGHT at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9 with the original cast. Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity. N.B.—MATINEE of BETSY SATURDAY NEXT at 3. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. 56th Time. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Bufton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE LOTTERY TICKET.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

The safest and coolest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with concrete and iron, absolutely fireproof; lighted throughout with electricity.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. PINERO'S New Three Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 186th Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, T. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, F. Kerr, Sant Matthews; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, Eva Wilson. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office, open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.

(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

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CHAPTER X. (*Continued.*)

I may have slept a couple of hours when I was awoke by some one tugging furiously at my shoulder. Sitting up in bed, I saw by the dim light that my father was standing half clad by my bedside, and that it was his grasp which I felt on my night-shirt.

"Get up, Jack, get up!" he was crying, excitedly. "There's a great ship ashore in the bay, and the poor folk will all be drowned. Come down, my boy, and let us see what we can do." The good old man seemed to be nearly beside himself with excitement and impatience.

I sprang from my bed, and was huddling on a few clothes, when a dull booming sound made itself heard above the howling of the wind and the thunder of the breakers.

"There it is again!" cried my father. "It is their signal gun, poor creatures! Jamieson and the fishermen are below. Put your oilskin coat on and the Glengarry hat. Come, come, every second may mean a human life!" We hurried down together and made our way to the beach, accompanied by a dozen or so of the inhabitants of Branksome.

The gale had increased rather than moderated, and the wind screamed all round us with an infernal clamour. So great was its force that we had to put our shoulders against it, and bore our way through it, while the sand and gravel tingled up against our faces. There was just light enough to make out the scudding clouds and the white gleam of the breakers, but beyond that all was absolute darkness. We stood ankle-deep in the shingle and seaweed shading our eyes with our hands and peering out into the inky obscurity. It seemed to me as I listened that I could hear human voices loud in entreaty and terror, but amid the wild turmoil of nature it was difficult to distinguish one sound from another. Suddenly, however, a light glimmered in the heart of the tempest, and next instant the beach and sea and wide tossing bay were brilliantly illuminated by the wild glare of a signal light.

She lay on her beam ends right in the centre of the terrible Hansel reef, hurled over to such an angle that I could see all the planking of her deck. I recognized her at once as being the same three-masted barque which I had observed in the Channel in the morning, and the Union Jack which was nailed upside down to the jagged stump of her mizen proclaimed her nationality. Every spar and rope and writhing piece of cordage showed up hard and clear under the livid light which sputtered and flickered from the highest portion of the forecastle. Beyond the doomed ship out of the great darkness came the long rolling lines of black waves, never ending, never tiring, with a petulant tuft of foam here and there upon their crests. Each as it reached the broad circle of unnatural light appeared to gather strength and volume and to hurry on more impetuously until with a roar and a jarring crash it sprang upon its victim. Clinging to the weather shrouds we could distinctly see ten or a dozen frightened seamen, who, when the light revealed our presence turned their white faces towards us and waved their hands imploringly. The poor wretches had evidently taken fresh hope from our presence, though it was clear that their own boats had either been washed away or so damaged as to render them useless.

The sailors who clung to the rigging were not, however, the only unfortunates aboard. On the breaking poop there stood three men who appeared to be both of a different race and nature from the cowering wretches who implored our assistance. Leaning upon the shattered taffrail they seemed to be conversing together as quietly and unconcernedly as though they were unconscious of the deadly peril which surrounded them. As the signal light flickered over them we could see from the shore that these immutable strangers wore red fezes, and that their faces were all of a swarthy, large-featured type, which proclaimed an Eastern origin. There was little time, however, for us to take note of such details. The ship was breaking rapidly, and some effort must be made to save the poor sodden group of humanity who implored our assistance. The nearest lifeboat was in the Bay of Luce, ten long miles away, but here was our own broad, roomy craft upon the shingle, and plenty of brave fisher lads to form a crew. Six of us sprang to the oars, the others pushed us off, and we fought our way through the swirling, raging waters, staggering and recoiling before the great sweeping billows, but still steadily decreasing the distance between the barque and ourselves.

It seemed, however, that our efforts were fated to be in vain. As we mounted upon a surge I saw a giant wave, topping all the others, and coming after them like a driver following a flock, sweep down upon the vessel, curling her great green arch over the breaking deck. With a rending, riving sound the ship split in two where the terrible serrated back of the Hansel reef was sawing into her keel. The after-part with the broken mizen and the three Orientals sank backwards into deep water and vanished, while the fore-half oscillated helplessly about, retaining its precarious balance upon the rocks. A wail of fear went up from the wreck and was echoed from the beach, but by the blessing of Providence she kept afloat until we made our way under her bowsprit and rescued every man of the crew. We had not got half way upon our return, however, when another great wave swept the shattered forecastle off the reef, and, extinguishing the signal light, hid the wild dénouement from our view.

Our friends upon the shore were loud in congratulation and praise, nor were they backward in welcoming and comforting the castaways. They were thirteen in all, as cold and cowed a set of mortals as ever slipped through Death's fingers, save indeed their captain, who was a hardy, robust man, and who made light of the affair. Some were taken off to this cottage and some to that, but the greater part came back to Branksome with us, where we gave them such dry clothes as we could lay our hands on, and served them with beef and beer by the kitchen fire. The captain, whose name was Meadows, compressed his bulky form into a suit of my own, and came down to the parlour, where he mixed himself some grog and gave my father and myself an account of the disaster.

"If it hadn't been for you, sir, and your brave fellows," he said, smiling across at me, "we should be ten fathom deep by this time. As to the *Belinda*, she was a leaky old tub and well insured, so neither the owners nor I are likely to break our hearts over her."

"I am afraid," said my father sadly, "that we shall never see your three passengers again. I have left men upon the beach in case they should be washed up, but I fear it is hopeless. I saw them go down when the vessel split, and no man could have lived for a moment among that terrible surge."

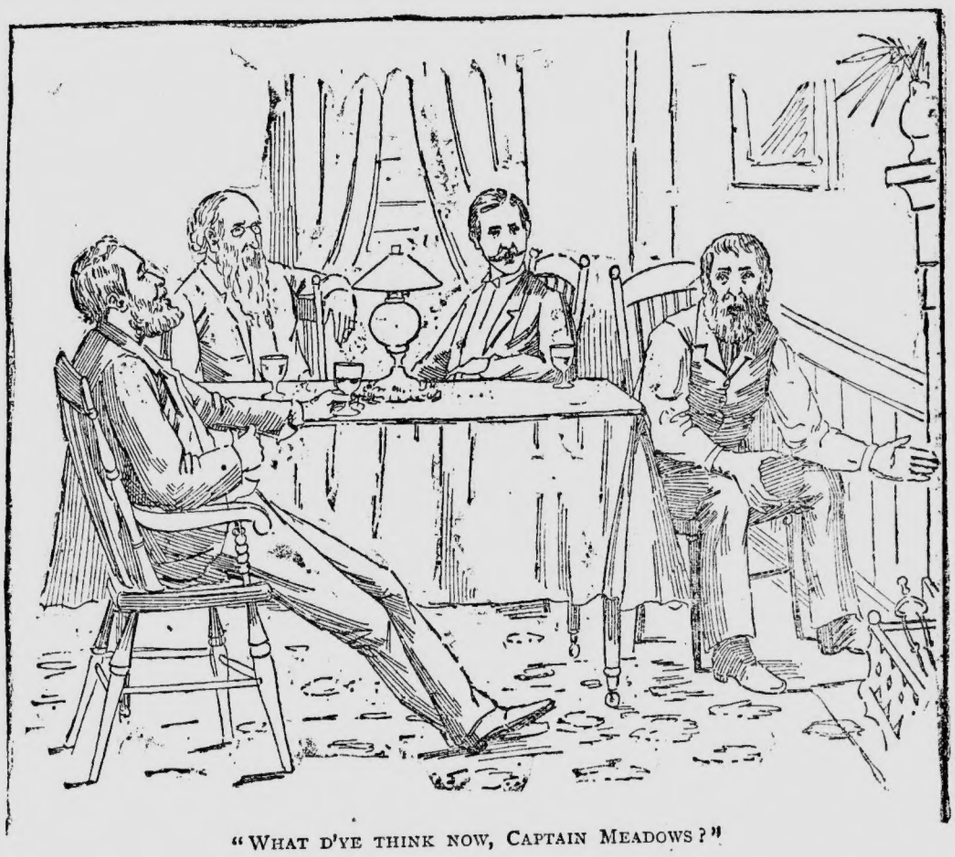
"Who were they?" I asked, "I could not have believed that it was possible for men to appear so unconcerned in the face of such imminent peril."

"As to who they are or were," the captain answered, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, "that is by no means easy to say. Our last port was Kurrachee, in the north of India, and there we took them aboard as passengers for Glasgow. Ram Singh was the name of the younger, and it is only with him that I have come in contact, but they all appeared to be quiet and inoffensive gentlemen. I never inquired their business, but I should judge that they were Parsee merchants from Hyderabad whose trade took them to Europe. I could never see why the crew should fear them, and the mate, too; he should have had more sense."

"Fear them!" I ejaculated, in surprise.

"Yes, they had some preposterous idea that they were dangerous shipmates. I have no doubt if you were to go down into the kitchen now you would find that they are all agreed that our passengers were the cause of the whole disaster."

As the captain was speaking the parlour door opened and the mate of the barque, a tall, red-bearded sailor, stepped in. He had obtained a complete rig-out from some kind-hearted fisherman, and looked in his comfortable jersey and well-greased sea-boots a very favourable specimen of a shipwrecked mariner. With a few words of grateful acknowledgment of our hospitality he drew a chair up to the fire and warmed his great brown hands before the blaze.



"WHAT D'YE THINK NOW, CAPTAIN MEADOWS?"

"What d'ye think now, Captain Meadows," he asked presently, glancing up at his superior officer. "Didn't I warn you what would be the upshot of having those niggers on board the *Belinda?*"

The captain leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Didn't I tell you?" he cried, appealing to us. "Didn't I tell you?"

"It might have been no laughing matter for us," the other remarked petulantly. "I have lost a good sea-kit and nearly lost my life into the bargain."

"Do I understand you to say," said I, "that you attribute your misfortunes to your ill-fated passengers?"

The mate opened his eyes at the adjective. "Why ill-fated, sir?" he asked.

"Because they are most certainly drowned," I answered.

He sniffed incredulously and went on warming his hands. "Men of that kind are never drowned," he said after a pause. "Their father, the devil, looks after them. Did you see them standing on the poop and rolling cigarettes at the time when the mizen was carried away and the quarter boats stove? That was enough for me. I'm not surprised at you landsmen not being able to take it in, but the captain here, who's been sailing since he was the height of the binnacle, ought to know by this time that a cat and a priest are the worst cargo you can carry. If a Christian priest is bad, I guess an idolatrous pagan one is fifty times worse. I stand by the old religion, and be d—d to it!"

My father and I could not help laughing at the rough sailor's very unorthodox way of proclaiming his orthodoxy. The mate, however, was evidently in deadly earnest, and proceeded to state his case, marking off the different points upon the rough red fingers of his left hand.

"It was at Kurrachee, directly after they come that I warned ye," he said, reproachfully, to the captain. "There was three Buddhist Lascars in my watch, and what did they do when them chaps come aboard? Why, they down on their stomachs and rubbed their noses on the deck—that's what they did. They wouldn't ha' done as much for an admiral of the R'yal Navy. They know who's who—these niggers do; and I smelled mischief the moment I saw them on their faces. I asked them afterwards in your presence, captain, why they had done it, and they answered that the passengers were holy men. You heard 'em yourself."

"Well, there's no harm in that, Hawkins," said Captain Meadows.

"I don't know that," the mate said, doubtfully. "The holiest Christian is the one that's nearest God, but the holiest nigger is, in my opinion, the one that's nearest the devil. Then you saw yourself, Captain Meadows, how they went on during the voyage, reading books that was writ on wood instead o' paper, and sitting up right through the night to jabber together on the quarter-deck. What did they want to have a chart of their own for and to mark the course of the vessel every day?"

"They didn't," said the captain.

"Indeed they did, and if I did not tell you sooner it was because you were always ready to laugh at what I said about them. They had instruments o' their own—when they used them I can't say—but every day at noon they worked out the latitude and longitude, and marked out the vessel's position on a chart that was pinned on their cabin table. I saw them at it, and so did the steward from his pantry."

"Well, I don't see what you prove from that," the captain remarked, "though I confess it is a strange thing."

"I'll tell you another strange thing," said the mate, impressively. "Do you know the name of this bay in which we are cast away?"

"I have learned from our kind friends here that we are upon the Wigtownshire coast," the captain answered, "but I have not heard the name of the bay."

The mate leaned forward with a grave face. "It is the Bay of Kirkmaiden," he said.

If he expected to astonish Captain Meadows he certainly succeeded, for that gentleman was fairly bereft of speech for a minute or more. "That is really marvellous," he said, after a time, turning to us. "These passengers of ours cross-questioned us early in the voyage as to the existence of a bay of that name. Hawkins here and I denied all knowledge of one, for on the chart it is included in the Bay of Luce. That we should eventually be blown into it and destroyed is an extraordinary coincidence."

"Too extraordinary to be a coincidence," growled the mate. "I saw them during the calm yesterday morning, pointing to the land over our starboard quarter. They knew well enough that that was the port that they were making for."

"What do you make of it all then, Hawkins?" asked the captain with a troubled face; "what is your own theory on the matter?"

"Why, in my opinion," the mate answered, "them three swabs have no more difficulty in raising a gale o' wind than I should have in swallowing this here grog. They had reasons o' their own for coming to this God forsaken—saving your presence, sirs—this God-forsaken bay, and they took a short cut to it by arranging to be blown ashore there. That's my idea o' the matter, though what three Buddhist priests could find to do in the Bay of Kirkmaiden is clean past my comprehension."

My father raised his eyebrows to indicate the doubt which his hospitality forbade him from putting into words. "I think, gentlemen," he said, "that you are both sorely in need of rest after your perilous adventures. If you will follow me, I shall lead you to your rooms." He conducted them with old-fashioned ceremony to the Laird's best spare bedroom, and then returning to me in the parlour, proposed that we should go down together to the beach and learn whether anything fresh had occurred.

The first pale light of dawn was just appearing in the east when we made our way for the second time to the scene of the shipwreck. The gale had blown itself out, but the sea was still very high, and all inside the breakers was a seething, gleaming line of foam, as though the fierce old ocean was gnashing its white teeth at the victims who had escaped from its clutches. All along the beach the fishermen and crofters were hard at work hauling up spars and barrels as fast as they were tossed ashore. None of them had seen any bodies, however, and they explained to us that only such things as could float had any chance of coming ashore, for the undercurrent was so strong that whatever was beneath the surface must infallibly be swept out to sea. As to the possibility of the unfortunate passengers having been able to reach the shore these practical men would not hear of it for a moment, and showed us conclusively that if they had not been drowned they must have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

"We did all that could be done," my father said sadly, as we returned home. "I am afraid that the poor mate has had his reason affected by the suddenness of the disaster. Did you hear what he said about Buddhist priests raising a gale?"

"Yes, I heard him," said I.

"It was very painful to listen to him," said my father. "I wonder if he would object to my putting a small mustard plaster under each of his ears. It would relieve any congestion of the brain. Or perhaps it would be best to wake him up and give him two antibilious pills. What do you think, Jack?"

"I think," said I with a yawn, "that you had best let him sleep, and go to sleep yourself. You can physic him in the morning if he needs it." So saying I stumbled off to my bedroom, and throwing myself upon the couch was soon in a dreamless slumber.

[*To be continued.*]

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